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THE FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT
OF
INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

AN HISTORIC SKETCH OF ITS CAREER AND SERVICES

PREPARED BY
WILLIAM E. MCLEAN.

READ AT ANNUAL REUNION OF THE REGIMENT, AT INDIANAPOLIS,
INDIANA, SEPTEMBER, 1902, AND UNANIMOUSLY ADOPTED
BY THE SURVIVING MEMBERS PRÉSENT.



TERRE HAUTE, IND.
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1903



COLONEL, WM. R. McLEAN,
Terre Haute, Ind.

DEDICATION.

This modest little volume, an unpretentious contribution to the stirring record of the Great War for the Union, is respectfully dedicated to the survivors of the Regiment, whose organization and campaigns are here depicted. That it may also possess an interest to the families, the sons and the daughters, of all the men of the Regiment whose names are inscribed in this volume but who have gone to their great reward, is the fervent hope of the compiler of its pages.

New growths are pushing up from the bottom of society, and the generation which knew the old veteran of 1861-1865 is fast passing away. The scenes are growing dim in the past, but it is felt that there are many whose hearts will be stirred by memories precious, although sad, that may be awakened by perusal of these pages, and who will be gratified that a work, recording some of the great events in which their fathers played a part, honorable to themselves, and of benefit to their country, has been issued.

The War is over. A generation has elapsed since the last hostile gun was fired. All the bitterness of its memories should subside and die forever. Hand in hand, let every loyal son, North and South, "keep step with the music of the Union", and in the name of "friendship, charity, and loyalty," press forward to that glorious destiny reserved for a reunited people, the best blood of the world.



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THE 43d REGIMENT OF INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

IT has been well said that wherever during the war, history was written in blood, there could be found the bleeding forms of Indianians. The part which our State played in the great Drama of 1861 to 1865, has been a stirring theme for the witchery of oratory and the pen of the writer. From the earlier operations in Western Virginia to the Campaign which resulted so gloriously in the capture of the armies of Lee and Johnson, the flag of Indiana was borne by stout arms and brave hearts to triumph and to victory. No state in the American Union, according to her population and resources, raised a larger quota of men, sent them to the field with more dispatch, and watched their varying fortunes with a deeper solicitude, than the State of Indiana. More than TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND enlistments is a proud record. Every regiment, there being nearly 200 in number, which played a part when our country was rocked in the fierce flames of Civil War, had its own peculiar history. Indiana troops were to be found in the Army of the Potomac, in the central columns of Sherman's and Thomas's, in the Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee, and in that army which did so valiant service in that immense expanse of territory, west of the Mississippi, from the northern boundary of Missouri to the Mexican frontier, a section described, during the war, as the "Trans-Mississippi Department". It was in the latter department of the military service that the 43d Indiana, organized at old Camp Vigo, was destined to play its principal part. The regiment being composed of men who were not born according to the latest and most approved fashion, we had no newspaper corres-

pondents following us, to record our achievements, glorify our deeds, and magnify our claims to national gratitude and consideration. The records in the War Department, at Washington, however, will show that the 43d *was a fighting regiment*, and lawyers will tell you that record evidence is the best evidence. The regiment may be said to have been created on the 11th of September, 1861, by Governor Morton issuing a commission to William E. McLean, as Lieutenant Colonel, and William Durham as Quartermaster, these being the first commissions issued by the Governor for a regiment bearing that number.

The Terre Haute "*Express*", of September 12th, 1861, announced the organization of the Regiment as follows:—

"Military Appointments. Hon. William E. McLean has been commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the 43d Regiment now forming in Camp Vigo, and William Durham has been appointed Quarter Master of the same Regiment."

"Lieutenant Colonel McLean will take command of the surplus companies in Camp Vigo and organize the Regiment. He was formally presented to his regiment and to the 31st yesterday at dress parade by Colonel Cruft."

Fourteen (14) companies, the majority not filled to the required standard in numbers, had been assembled at old Camp Vigo, upon the date of the creation of the 43d regiment; so at the time of its organization there were four (4) companies in camp, besides the ten companies necessary for the organization of the 31st regiment, none of them, however, having the required number of men, but these four extra companies was the basis of the organization of that regiment. These companies were subsequently designated as Company "A", commanded by Captain, afterward Colonel John C. Major, from Clay County; Company "B", commanded by Captain Francis Marion Darnall,

from Bainbridge, in Putnam County; Company "C", commanded by Captain Elijah Eddington, from Greene County; and Company "D", commanded by Captain Wesley W. Norris, subsequently promoted to Major, from Vigo County. But a few days elapsed until the required number of Companies were in Camp.

And here let me say something about the *men* who enlisted in that new born organization known as the "43d Regiment Indiana Volunteers". There is a class of writers, of the Miss Nancy Novelist variety, who appear to take pleasure in depicting the Union Volunteer as a coarse combination of the fighting devil, and the jolly, boisterous rowdy. The picture is not a true one, and I don't like it. The men of that regiment, while all of them were probably not Sabbath School, or Y. M. C. A. models, were not of that type. I prefer to clothe the men of the Rank and File of the Regiment, with something of the character, with something of the dignity that induced their enlistment, and made them faithful to the "Old Flag", in sunshine and in storm, in the darkest days of that trying epoch.

In our late Spanish War we soon found out that the average Spanish Soldier had enough of the devil in him, for a dozen men, but the difficulty with our fascinating *Spanish Cousin* was, that in battle, whether upon land or upon sea, he could never *hit anybody*. In our War for the Union it was the intelligent, cool headed "*man with the musket*", the Union Volunteer Soldier, who, when he fired, generally hit and hurt somebody, and it was that which made "the man with the musket", after all, the real hero of the War. For, say what we please, the rifle is mightier than the sword. The 43d Regiment was composed principally of young men who had never seen a greater excitement than that afforded by a camp meeting, or a husking bee, whose wildest dissipation had been a horse race or a

circus, who had never seen the glint of a gun barrel in a hostile hand, nor thought of other slaughter than the game in the woods, or on the prairie. It is a matter of local historic interest that "Old Camp Vigo", then the County Fair ground, was the scene of the organization of all the troops, raised in the city of Terre Haute, under President Lincoln's first call for 300,000 troops. The famous 14th Indiana, commanded by Colonel Nat Kimball, the regiment which played such a conspicuous part in so many of the prominent engagements in which the army of the Potomac participated, was the first regiment raised in the camp. This was followed, three months afterward, by the organization of the 31st Regiment, commanded by Colonel Charles Cruft. In the following year, there were three additional regiments raised in the City of Terre Haute, organized at the new County Fair grounds, which bore the name of "Camp Dick Thompson". After the organization of the regiment, on the 28th of September, 1861, General George K. Steele of Parke County, an old and distinguished citizen of Rockville, was commissioned by Governor Morton as Colonel of the Regiment. He was never regularly mustered in as Colonel of the Regiment. His advanced age and growing physical infirmities, led him, after he had tramped through the mud with the boys around Calhoun, Ky., to tender his resignation, which was accepted on the 16th of January, 1862. He was long past the half century mark when the Governor commissioned him as Colonel.

On the 16th of February, 1862, Lieutenant Colonel William E. McLean was promoted to the Colonelcy, which position he held until the 17th of May, 1865, when he was mustered out, by reason of expiration of term of service, he having held a commission as Colonel, commanding a regiment, for a longer term of service than any other of that rank, appointed by Governor Morton. On the 12th of

October, 1861, the Regiment left Camp Vigo for the front. After a stay of a few days at Evansville it went to Spottsville, or Lock Number One, Greene River, Kentucky, to become part of the army then under the command of General T. T. Crittenden. The regiment remained at Calhoun and South Carrollton, until the latter part of February, 1862, and was then transferred to Missouri, and became a part of the army of General John Pope, who was organizing a force for the siege of New Madrid, and the capture of "Island Number Ten." It was on the march to New Madrid that the men of the regiment heard, for the first time, the sound of the hostile cannon. It was then, for the first time, that the young plow boys, who constituted at least three-fourths of the regiment, realized that actual war meant something different from raising corn upon the banks of the Wabash, or in the bottoms of the White, or Eel Rivers. To rule in the Empire of the corn field, or the cabbage patch, they soon found was very different from carrying a musket in the ranks, under the sound of a cannon.

Upon the arrival of the regiment in Missouri it became a part of the brigade commanded by Brigadier General John M. Palmer, afterward Governor of Illinois, and United States Senator from that State, and who closed his political career as a nominee for the Presidency of the United States. Pope's campaign, which resulted in the capture of New Madrid and Island Number Ten, was recognized by the country as one of the most important operations of the war up to that time. It laid the foundation of the higher command to which Pope was soon after consigned, the command of the Army of the Potomac. It is a sad reflection, however, that the laurels which he won on the Mississippi were certainly dimmed, if not tarnished, while in command of the Eastern Army. The Second Bull Run snuffed out, by one rude shock, as it were, the record of victory

achieved by him at New Madrid and Island Number Ten. Our campaign with him was a hard one, especially for raw recruits. The terrible night march from New Madrid to Point Pleasant, where nearly every able bodied man of the regiment was detailed to assist in dragging the 32 pound Parrott gun—a task which a soldier, encumbered with the weight of his musket, his cartridge box, and other necessary equipments, made a most grievous burden, will never be forgotten by those who participated in it. It laid the foundation, by the over work and over straining, to which they were subjected, for the premature physical decay of many of the very best men of the regiment. Probably during the whole war a more serious task was not assigned them, certainly none which left more unfavorable results. It was a taste of war never to be forgotten by the raw recruit, but such is the fate of war. If the 43d regiment had done nothing, in its subsequent history, but the work assigned them upon this expedition, it would have deserved well of a grateful people. No better example of human endurance was ever exhibited by any body of men than by the men, who, that night, dragged that field piece to Point Pleasant.

Let history, with unerring hand,
Forget not to record, how firm and grand,
Was that march, through mud and sand,
Of the gallant old Forty-Third.

Upon the fall of New Madrid, and the capture of Island Number Ten, with some 5000 prisoners, with their arms, accoutrements, camp equipages and other belongings, the 43d was detailed, in conjunction with the 46th Indiana, commanded by Colonel Graham N. Fitch, a well known Indiana politician and an ex-member of the United States Senate, to cooperate with the gunboat Flotilla under the command of Rear Admiral Foote, to operate against the

Confederate stronghold up on the Mississippi, known as "Fort Pillow," called by the Confederates, "Fort Wright." For some five long dreary weeks these two Indiana regiments laid under the shadow of Fort Pillow, hearing hourly the discharge of the heavy mortars and the enemy's cannon whose missiles poured indiscriminately in, around, and about this doomed fortress. During all those dreary weeks not a gun was fired by the men of either regiment, but they had an enemy nearer them which demanded their constant attention, both by day and by night, to-wit: the mosquito, with his bill both long and strong, the gallinipper and the buffalo gnats, which infested the air we breathed and made life a burden to every man and beast of the regiment, some of our horses dying in agony from the bloody attacks made upon them by these insects, the object of whose existence, and the reason of whose creation, Divine Providence has so far failed to indicate. The boys found out, by experience there, that cussing mosquitoes don't discourage them in the slightest degree. The story is told that there was one man of the regiment, however, who was an immune from the attacks of the mosquito. We will call him "Smith," because Smith was not his name. He was a gentleman of bibulous tendencies. If there was any of the ardent, anywhere within reach, Smith had the rare faculty of being able to grasp it. The cook of Company "H," a darkie, whom they had brought with them from home, said, "That when Massa Smith goes to bed he is so intoxicated that he didn't mind the skeeter, and in the morning the skeeter was so intoxicated that they didn't mind Massa Smith." It is due to "Mr. Smith" to say that after the war he became a convert to temperance principles and practices, went into the law for which he had been duly prepared before his enlistment; did a prosperous business, and was finally elevated to the bench, as judge of one of the circuit courts of his adopted State. He

was probably the most accomplished man, and certainly the best educated one in the regiment, possibly the only college graduate to be found in the rank and file. But Fort Pillow finally fell or rather was evacuated by the enemy. With the fall, or abandonment of Fort Pillow the Mississippi was opened to us as far as Memphis, which place, after a little gun-boat fight we entered with practically no resistance upon the part of the people of that City. These two Indiana Regiments were consequently the first Union troops to enter that City. While we were greeted with a few sullen looks from some of the more radical of its population, our reception was, at least, reasonably pleasant, if not cordial. After remaining in Memphis for two weeks or more, other Union troops arrived there and the 43d and the 46th were ordered to Helena, Arkansas. We were in Arkansas so long, we tramped over so much of her uninviting soil, that it may be said of the 43d regiment, at least, that they had become veritable "Arkansas travelers", not possessed, it is true, with the familiar old fiddle which has figured in song and story, in connection with some of the denizens of that State. When we arrived there we found quite a large army, which had marched down from Missouri through the State, commanded by General Curtiss. It was the fate of the 43d to have done a vast amount of soldiering upon the primitive soil, and through the bogs and swamps of that State. If the Regiment had remained upon the "Sacred Soil" of Arkansas much longer it might have taken root there and become part of the surrounding Real Estate.

Immediately upon the arrival of the regiment at Helena, it was dispatched up White River, where, upon two or three occasions, we encountered some of our friends, the enemy, but with no marked results upon either side. In December 1862, the regiment penetrated into the heart of Mississippi upon what was known as the "Yazoo Pass Expedition".

The object of the expedition was an attempt to get into Vicksburg "by the back door", so to speak, Sherman's first assault upon that city having resulted in a repulse. This expedition was a hard one for the 43d and the other regiments constituting the Union forces. A gun boat, commanded by Captain James P. Foster, an Indiana Naval officer, engaged the enemy during the expedition without serious result upon either side. While the expedition itself, can hardly be called a brilliant success, from a military standpoint, it was not wholly barren of results, as it had the effect of weakening the Confederate forces required for the successful defence of Vicksburg, which soon after fell into our hands.

But the greatest day in all the history of the 43d regiment, from the time its feet touched the soil of Kentucky, in 1861, until its final muster out, was that ever to be remembered 4th of July, 1863. That day witnessed the famous battle of Helena; a battle which resulted in the repulse of the Confederate forces under the command of Holmes and Price which have been variously estimated from 9,000 to 15,000. It may be doubted whether a more brilliant victory perched upon the Union banners at any time, during the War of the Rebellion, than the victory at Helena, and certainly no regiment of the Union Army present that day did better service than the 43d regiment. It would be a work of supererogation to enter into a detail of the incidents of that most glorious victory, for its every detail has been graphically portrayed in the official records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Anyone desiring, at this late day, a more explicit history of Helena and its victory, it can be found in the work issued under the authority of Congress, entitled "The War of the Rebellion", being a compilation of the official records of the Union and Confederate Armies. (See Volume 22, series 1, part 1, from

page 383 to 442 inclusive), in which is embraced the official reports of General Prentiss, General Salomon, also the report of General Sterling Price of the C. S. Army and the other commanding Generals of the Confederacy, who participated in the attack. On the 8th of July following, the victory at Helena was celebrated with much enthusiasm, by the officers and men of that post. In the brief speech made upon that occasion by the Colonel of the 43d Indiana, he said among other things, "The rebels came to get Helena, but succeeded, however, only in getting Hell." If to have fought under General Jackson, at New Orleans, on that famous 8th of January, was a badge of distinction for every one who participated in it, for half of a century, to have played a part on that 4th of July, 1863, at Helena, is a distinction no less to be proud of.

The most extraordinary incident of the battle was the capture of an entire Arkansas Confederate regiment by the 43d. It must not be forgotten that at an early hour of the engagement, the Confederates rushing pell mell down the hill, may be said to have taken the place, with whoop and yell, they regarded for a moment the victory as theirs and soon expected to reap the reward of their success. But one regiment, a newly recruited Arkansas regiment, in the mad enthusiasm of the hour, advanced too far, and when the main body of their force was driven back, this Arkansas regiment became the prey of our forces, and owing to the position of the 43d, it reaped the harvest by themselves capturing a command, equal in point of numbers, to their own. I have seen no historic allusions, in any of the engagements of the War, of any regiment having been captured in action by a regiment not larger than the captured. Candor compels me to say that impartial history has hardly done justice to the heroism and efficiency displayed by the 43d regiment in that memorable affair. It must be remem-

bered, however; that at that particular period, great events, of the highest military interest, were transpiring. The eye of the Country was upon Vicksburg; Port Hudson also occupied a large share of the public attention; the grand operations of the Army of the Potomac were also on the tapis. Had Helena alone engaged the attention of the Nation, at that time, like Santiago did during our Spanish American War, every man who participated in the action, from the commanding General down to the humblest private in the ranks, would have been called a hero; and would have reaped the reward which heroism always commands. Future history, we are inclined to believe, will do justice to the victors of Helena. While the battle itself, it is not claimed, can rank with the great engagements of Shiloh, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, Antietam, or "the Wilderness," simply because of the relatively small number who participated in it, the victors can ever "point with pride" to Helena and their achievements.

The result at Helena was recognized by the Confederates as the hardest blow suffered in their cause, west of the Mississippi, during the whole War. A beautiful monument in honor of the Confederate dead, who fell at Helena, has been erected in that place, which was dedicated some years ago with most imposing ceremonial. A son of Ex-Governor Rector, one of the most promising young men of the South and an officer upon the staff of General Price, fell mortally wounded in the gallant charge made by them upon our entrenchments.

But a few weeks elapsed after the battle of Helena when General Prentiss was superseded in the command at Helena, by Major General Frederick Steele. General Steele was a regular army officer, a graduate of West Point, and stood high in military circles as an officer of commanding talent and ability. The object of his taking command at Helena

was to organize a campaign against Little Rock. The 43d marched from their old quarters at Helena, never to return to that place, and co-operated with General Steele in his march against the Arkansas capital. It is pleasing to record that the men of the 43d always hailed with pleasure any order to march. The change from wearing out our *trousers*, to wearing out our *shoes*, was always acceptable, come what may. On the march, within fifty miles of Little Rock, Steele made a junction with General J. W. Davidson, who commanded a force of some 5,000 cavalry. Soon the combined armies of Steele and Davidson were encamped across White River, in sight of the doomed city. Little Rock, at that time, and for months previous, had been garrisoned by the Confederate army of Arkansas, commanded by Generals Shelby, Fagan, Walker and others. It was also the headquarters of Marmaduke's famous Confederate cavalry. After remaining encamped upon the riverside, daily expecting an engagement, to the surprise of every one, the Confederates abandoned the city, and all we had to do was simply to march in and take possession. It may be regarded, however important the acquisition of Little Rock was to the Union Army, as a bloodless campaign. The 43d remained at Helena until the organization of one of the most disastrous campaigns of the whole War, the never to be forgotten "Banks Expedition." At the time of the occupancy of Little Rock by General Steele's command, General Nathaniel P. Banks was in command of the Union Forces garrisoning New Orleans. An expedition was conceived looking to the capture of Shreveport, Louisiana, which was the store house of the whole Confederate Army of the Trans-Mississippi country. To capture Shreveport, with its stores of military supplies, and more particularly of cotton, was the presumed object of the expedition. The press of the country denounced it in advance as the "*cotton stealing*

expedition." Fabulous stories were told of the immense deposits of cotton at Shreveport and at other points along the Red River. That the amount of this then precious material, may have been exaggerated is not to be questioned. The Navy department also played its part, in this so called Red River expedition. Captain James Porter Foster, an old Indiana boy, born and raised in Bloomington, from which town he was appointed a cadet at the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, was in command of the squadron on Red River, co-operating with Banks Army. There is an incident in connection with Banks and Foster which shows, in a marked degree, some of the salient characteristics of Captain Foster. It is said that General Banks sent some sort of an order, the particulars of which have not been made public, in regard to the movement of his squadron. Foster did not recognize that Banks, an army officer, had any jurisdiction over him, and that he must receive his orders direct through the Naval authorities. In response to one of Banks orders it is said that Foster sent him a reply much more graphic than courteous, or Christian in its language. The reply was in the language following:—

Major General Nathaniel P. Banks, Commanding at New Orleans:

Dear Sir:—

I have your recent order, and in reply I beg leave to inform you that while you may consider yourself God Almighty at New Orleans, I claim to be Jesus Christ on Red River.

James P. Foster, Commanding Squadron.

Of all the military fiascos of the War the campaign, known as the Banks Expedition, was the most stupendous. Bad generalship marked the course of General Banks, from the time he left New Orleans until his return to that city. There were two wings of this expedition, or rather two columns each having Shreveport for its objective point. The so-called Arkansas wing left Little Rock, Arkansas,

on the 1st day of March, 1864. It embraced the body of General Steele's Army quartered at Little Rock, the 43d regiment being part of this column. The army marched in a southern direction until it reached Camden. There it halted for several days. On the march to Camden there were several engagements, the first one being known as the battle of Prairie De Ann.

The loss in each of these engagements was trifling upon both sides.

The most important battle fought on the march was the battle of "Elkin's Ford." The Rebellion Record, edited by Frank Moore, author of "Diary of the American Revolution" and which record has the endorsement of the War department, gives the following account of the battle of Elkin's Ford.

See Rebellion Record, Volume XI., Page 450.

"The battle of Elkin's Ford, on the Little Missouri River", took place on the third and fourth days of April. On the Union side all of the Second Brigade, Third division (General Salomon's), except the Seventy-seventh Ohio and two companies First Iowa cavalry, were engaged. On that of the Rebels, two brigades of Marmaduke's division. On the afternoon of the 2nd instant, General Steele ordered General Salomon to take and hold this ford. Thereupon General Salomon dispatched the forces referred to under the command of Colonel William E. McLean, of the 43d Indiana Infantry. Colonel McLean made a forced march, arriving at the river after dark, seizing the ford, and crossed his command. A squadron of cavalry was sent forward as advance pickets, while the 36th Iowa Infantry, Colonel C. W. Kettridge commanding; 43d Indiana Infantry, Major W. W. Norris commanding; and battery E.

Second Missouri light artillery, Lieutenant Peetz commanding, encamped near the bank of the river.

In his report of the affair, Colonel McLean says:—

“The day after my arrival, occasional firing along our picket lines, and skirmishing in front, convinced me that the enemy were on the alert, either for the purpose of watching the movements of the army, of which my brigade constituted the advance, or, if possible, by a direct attack upon me in overpowering numbers, to cut me off before reinforcements could be obtained from across the river. Early on the morning of the third instant, I ordered Major Norris, of the 43d Indiana, to proceed with four companies of that regiment to the front, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, deploy the men as skirmishers, and support the cavalry pickets. He soon succeeded in discovering the position of the advance pickets and skirmishers of the enemy, drove them back for some distance, pressing them so closely that the retreat of a number of them being cut off, sixteen came into our line and surrendered.

“On the same evening, being satisfied that the enemy were in our front in force, and designed attacking us during the night or early next morning, I ordered Lieutenant Colonel Drake, 36th Iowa, to proceed with three companies from that regiment, and three companies from the 43d Indiana, to a position on the main road leading from the ford immediately in our front, to deploy his men on the right and left of the road, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to resist their approach as long as was prudent, and retire to the reserves when they approached in force. One section of artillery, under Lieutenant Peetz, was planted so as to fully command the road and the leading approach on our right and left.

At six o'clock on the morning of the 4th the enemy approached in force, and commenced an attack on the advance companies of Lieutenant Colonel Drake, who resisted them gallantly for nearly two hours, being well supported by the artillery of Lieutenant Peetz. Too much praise cannot be awarded Colonel Drake for the very distinguished gallantry and determined courage he exhibited during this contest.

The capture by his forces early in the morning of a Rebel lieutenant—an aid-de-camp of General Marmaduke—confirmed me in the belief that the General was near in person, with a large portion of his division. After a very lively skirmish of near two hours, the enemy having discovered the position of our battery, and replying to it vigorously with four pieces of artillery, our pickets and advanced skirmishers were driven back on the left upon their infantry reserves, while upon the right they maintained their position.

"The enemy (since ascertained to be General Cabell's brigade, sixteen hundred strong), charged with a yell upon our left, for the purpose of flanking us and capturing our battery.

"Their approach from the cover of the timber was met gallantly by two or three well directed volleys from the 36th Iowa. Immediately after the charge and repulse of the enemy, the reinforcements sent for by me arrived, consisting of the 29th Iowa infantry and 9th Wisconsin infantry, of Brigadier General Rice's brigade. But before they were put in position by him the enemy withdrew; not however, until a grape-shot from the battery had inflicted a slight wound upon the General's head, from the effect of which, I am gratified to say, he recovered.

In looking upon the results of this engagement and the great disparity of numbers of forces engaged, I cannot but

regard this encounter as one reflecting the highest praise upon the coolness and unflinching courage of the men of my command, all of whom acquitted themselves well.

"The entire list of casualties (most of which are slight wounds), will not exceed forty-one, while the new made graves of eighteen of the enemy are in sight of our present encampment, and they confess to a loss of more than fifty wounded."

Signed, WM. E. McLEAN,
Colonel commanding 1st Brigade.

The battle of Elkin's Ford opened the way for the march of Steele's army (which had been reinforced the day previous by a column under the command of General Thayer,) to Camden, where a halt for some days was made, more especially to procure supplies. Pine Bluff, in Arkansas, was the point from which these supplies were to be had. This place was garrisoned at the time by a force of some 2,500 or 3,000 under the command of General Clayton, a distinguished officer, who, after the War, became Governor of Arkansas, and subsequently United States Senator from that State. At the beginning of Mr. McKinley's administration General Clayton was appointed American Ambassador to Mexico, which position he now fills, with distinguished ability.

About ten days after the arrival of Steele's army at Camden a wagon train, of more than 400 wagons, was dispatched to Pine Bluff for supplies. The train was guarded by a brigade, consisting of the 43d Indiana, Major W. W. Norris commanding; the 36th Iowa and the 77th Ohio; accompanying the train was also one company of cavalry; the whole command starting under the immediate command of Lieutenant Colonel Drake of the 36th Iowa Infantry. A

long wagon train, of nearly 500 wagons, necessarily stretched over practically two miles of road. At the time of the departure of the train it was not supposed that the enemy was in force anywhere between Camden and Pine Bluff. While it was assumed that the train might be attacked by a small band, or bands, of Guerrillas while *enroute* to Pine Bluff, no one anticipated any engagement of a serious character. Colonel Drake was a good officer. He had acquitted himself admirably in the previous engagement of Elkin's Ford, and stood well as an officer among the men of the entire brigade. Colonel Drake's explicit orders were not to go into camp until within a reasonable distance of Pine Bluff, where, in the event of an attack, he could rely upon the forces of General Clayton, at Pine Bluff. For some reason, satisfactory to himself, but never explained to the satisfaction of his brigade commander, Colonel Drake went into camp two or three hours earlier in the evening than was apparently necessary and while not within a distance from Pine Bluff where he could command assistance of General Clayton. Early in the morning of the day following the train was attacked in force by the Confederate forces under the command of Generals Shelby and Fagan, the supposed number about 5,000. It was the first day in the history of the 43d regiment that it tasted the bitter pill of defeat and disaster. The attack was a rout; as might have been expected, the brigade, encumbered by a train of two miles in length, scattered as the men were along the whole line of more than two miles, were in no condition to meet a force of even equal numbers, while the attacking army numbered fully three to one. Colonel Drake received a slight wound, was captured by the Confederates, but was paroled on account of his wound. 211 of the 43d regiment, officers and men, its stay and its bulwark, fell into the hands of the enemy, and were taken as prisoners to Camp

Tyler, Texas. Captain Joseph Lane, of Company F., was killed in this engagement. This disaster to the brigade known as the "McLean Brigade", was the first intimation which General Steele had that his position at Camden was a perilous one, that the great body of the army of the Confederates of the South-west was confronting him, and a forced retreat back to Little Rock was the only alternative. That this disaster to the immense wagon train should have been the first intimation to General Steele of the perils in which his army stood showed an inefficiency upon General Steele's part which has never been explained. He ought to have known, before the wagon train left Camden, that the enemy was in force within a day's march of his position. The capture of the train is known as the battle of "Marks Mill," Arkansas, and it practically annihilated for service the forces guarding this cumbersome train. It is worthy of record that among the train enroute to Pine Bluff was a paymaster of our army, with \$175,000 of green-backs, to pay off the troops of Clayton's command at Pine Bluff. The paymaster, his ambulance, and his money, all fell into the hands of the enemy. It is said that the money thus captured was employed by the Confederate authorities in an unsuccessful attempt by them to release the Confederate prisoners confined at Chicago. This effort upon part of the Confederates subsequently became a subject of Court martial investigation, and several parties were convicted for complicity in this affair.

While there was no communication, at that ugly period, between central Arkansas and New Orleans, or Red River, than between the North and South Pole, still we undertake to say, that efficient generalship ought to have detected the march of a large army through that sparsely settled region south of Camden. The facts were that General Banks had been defeated by Kirby Smith and Dick Taylor's Confeder-

ate forces in the various engagements which Banks had fought and he had effected an ignominious retreat back to New Orleans. Smith's victorious infantry, fresh from their victories upon Red River, hurried, in hot haste, to crush Steele before his army could regain the line of the Arkansas River, at Little Rock. Banks was a political general; was made a general on account of his political status and influence. It is a sad fact that nearly all the political officers, appointed on account of their supposed party influence, were lamentable failures as officers in the field. Politics and generalship never went hand in hand during the War of the Rebellion, at least, on the Union side. The political generals who came out of the War with probably the best records, were General John A. Logan, and General Francis P. Blair, of Missouri. Of them it may be said that the soldier element was born in them and became part of their blood and bone.

The battle at Marks Mill, disastrous as it was to that part of Steele's army known as the "McLean Brigade," upon the other hand, strange as it may appear, was a sad blunder from a Confederate point of view, and in war a blunder is worse than a crime. Shelby and Fagan, in attacking this wagon train, did so in positive violation of their orders. That fact has been since fully ascertained. Their orders were to get between Camden and Little Rock, and cut off Steele's retreat from Camden, by felling trees and other impediments. Had these orders been strictly obeyed, Steele's army would have been captured or practically annihilated. As it was, Steele, upon hearing of the disaster at Marks Mill, proceeded to get out of Camden, on his way back to Little Rock, upon the shortest order. The whole march from Camden to Little Rock, upon the retreat, was the ugliest incident, for the Union cause, in the history of the Trans-Mississippi department. At the crossing

of the Saline River, at Jenkins Ferry, Steele encountered the whole Confederate forces of Price, Holmes, Walker, Fagan, and Shelby, and a part of Marmaduke's cavalry. It may be said that the rains of Heaven, which fell during the night and morning of the battle at Jenkins Ferry, overflowing the bottoms of the Saline River, rendering it impossible for the Confederates to flank Steele, was the contributing factor of his escape. The night preceding the "Battle Royal" was a fearful one. Lightning flashed, thunder rolled and rumbled, rain poured down in torrents, and the river bottom became a sea of mud. The battle was a fearful and obstinate contest. Ankle deep in mud and mire, the contesting forces stood for more than six hours, shooting each other down in their tracks and filling the morass with the dead and dying. Never was an army in greater peril. Never was an army saved by more heroic endurance and determined bravery. No one who was present on that fearful day, is likely ever to forget Jenkins Ferry. At Jenkins Ferry some 900 wagons, belonging to the Union Army, were destroyed by cutting the spokes, so that they would be useless when they fell into the hands of the enemy. This was done by order of Colonel William E. McLean, under the special sanction of General Samuel A. Rice, to whom Steele and his staff had entrusted the command of the army, in the battle then raging, Steele and his staff having themselves crossed the river, from which point they witnessed the bloody conflict being enacted upon the other side. Probably the most lamentable thing in connection with the battle of Jenkins Ferry, was the fact that General Rice, who was in immediate command of the Union forces, and who had shown himself by far the ablest officer in Steele's army, the man of the coolest judgement, the most acute military penetration, a man who can today be written down as the savior of that most discomfited army,

received a wound in the foot, during the engagement, which, about six weeks later, resulted in his death. His death was a national calamity. On that muddy, bloody field he dominated the battle; he was the central figure, the chief spirit, his inspiring example and unflinching bravery will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Captain Marmaduke H. Darnal of Company B, was also wounded in this engagement, and died upon the field, April 30th, 1864. Captain Warren Harper lost an arm, at the elbow joint, in the same engagement. It was at the battle of Jenkins Ferry that there was witnessed by the writer of this, for the first time, a display of courage by the colored troops. The Arkansas colored regiment, composed wholly of recently liberated slaves, taken from the cotton and corn fields of that state, acquitted themselves splendidly in that action. It used to be an old "gag" in negro minstrelsy, "that the colored troops fought bravely". They did do noble service, upon this field, charging upon the enemy with a whoop and yell. Their charge will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it, astonishing everyone as it did by the cool courage which they exhibited. Here comes your "Iron Clads", they shouted. If any of them showed any indication of the white feather, no one remarked it. It was probably the last charge made by our troops in that bloody morass of the Saline bottom. While our forces suffered much and our casualties were great, truthful history must record that the Confederates suffered much larger in killed and wounded. While I have never seen any estimate of their loss, there were evidences clear and unmistakable that it was very heavy. After the charge of the colored troops the firing lessened greatly from both sides, indicating clearly to the writer that our friends, the enemy, had got about all they wanted. The great body of our troops had crossed the river upon the pontoon bridge with the few

wagons and teams which were recognized as necessary to be crossed, consisting principally of ambulances and medical stores. Not for one moment did the down pore from heaven cease. To us that down pore was a God send; it saved the remnant of that routed, demoralized army, for the retreat had degenerated into a rout. While the writer was in Washington, he had the honor of an introduction to General Walker, who commanded the Confederate cavalry in this engagement. Of course the battle was the principal subject of conversation. Walker said that he realized fully that the Federal forces were demoralized and regarded themselves as routed; he said that he had about 1,700 mounted men used to the country; although the Saline was raging within its banks, overflowing for fully a quarter of a mile on the south side, Walker favored a pursuit with his cavalry; he believed that his men and horses could swim across without great loss, but he claimed to the writer that Generals Kirby Smith, Price and Holmes opposed the pursuit, not regarding it as practical and most likely to result in the drowning of many men and horses. Had the crossing been made with any sort of success it must have resulted in the capture of the poor, demoralized remnant of Steele's infantry. Our cavalry might have escaped. From the moment of our crossing until we arrived at Little Rock, the retreat presented no evidence of order, the troops not marching by companies or in their proper organizations, but every man was apparently animated by the sole purpose to save himself. The writer has often said that no man can have a real genuine, first-class taste of war, who has not experienced some of the horrors of a retreating army. It is an experience calculated to rob life of its charms and death of its terrors; the men hungry, gloomy, sullen, and desperate. President Roosevelt has said much about a strenuous life. If he ever was with a retreating army he would get all the

strenuous life he would want. Great in action as Napoleon was, some of his more recent biographers insist that even *he* failed in the proper conduct of a retreating army. His retreat from Moscow sounded his death knell. The retreat from Camden back to Little Rock was neither heroic nor spectacular—everybody was simply "*in a hurry*". The Banks expedition has passed into history and is hardly known to-day as an incident of the war, by the present generation, but it is an interesting, if not very pleasing fact, that the loss, to the Union army, in killed, wounded, and missing, was more than five times as great as our entire loss in our recent Spanish War. To the Confederates also the expedition was very disastrous, for after Jenkins Ferry, the crippled and exhausted army of Kirby Smith returned, broken and dispirited, to its former lines. It was warfare in its ugliest form, barren of result.

General Steele has long gone to his great reward, but his campaign, from Little Rock to Camden, and his retreat from Camden to Little Rock added no laurels to his crown. He was a class-mate of Grant and Sherman at West Point, and had won their confidence at Vicksburg. He played a better part afterward, in other operations, in Alabama and Mississippi, retrieving to a great extent, his lost prestige in Arkansas. Steele was a West Point graduate and an officer of the regular army when the war broke out, devoted to his profession, of engaging personality, an officer whose courage was never questioned, but whose judgment in regard to men was very faulty. His chief of staff, Colonel F. H. Manter of Missouri whose tragic fate, subsequently after the return of the army from Camden, produced a very unpleasant impression, both among the soldiery of Steele's army and the citizenship of Little Rock. General Steele had given a dinner at his headquarters at Little Rock, in honor of General Dan Sickles, who had been sent by the

war department to investigate the condition of affairs of the army of the Trans-Mississippi department. It is said that champagne and other liquids flowed freely upon that festive occasion regardless of the fact that it was the Sabbath. In the afternoon, probably a half or three quarters of an hour after dinner, Colonel Manter ordered his horse and orderly, proposing a ride to the home of a prominent citizen of Little Rock. He prided himself upon being the finest horseman in Steele's army; six feet high in his stockings, with an Apollo figure, which he was very fond of displaying; the day being beautiful and the streets crowded, a fine opportunity for display was presented. It so happened that a cow was lying upon the street, there being no city ordinance prohibiting either cow or hogs from running at large in that city. In a moment of unaccountable folly, Colonel Manter attempted the foolish feat of making his splendid charger jump the cow. Putting his spurs into the horse the animal started the leap at once but the cow sprang up so suddenly that Colonel Manter was thrown violently upon the ground, falling upon his head, and breaking his neck. Within twenty minutes of the time he left Steele's headquarters, his dead body was brought back upon an improvised stretcher. The incident, as may be expected, shocked the gay party of which he had been a member, more than can be described and created a sensation when the tragedy became known. Colonel Manter may be said to have been the victim of an over-weening vanity, but it is not the first case of its kind upon the record of poor weak humanity. Thus died, from an act of folly, the man whom rumor said, was the controlling spirit of the commanding general, his mouth-piece and most confidential adviser. Had he died upon the bloody field of Jenkins Ferry, with his face to the foe, his fate would have been a brighter one.

As for General Banks, it need only be said that his expe-

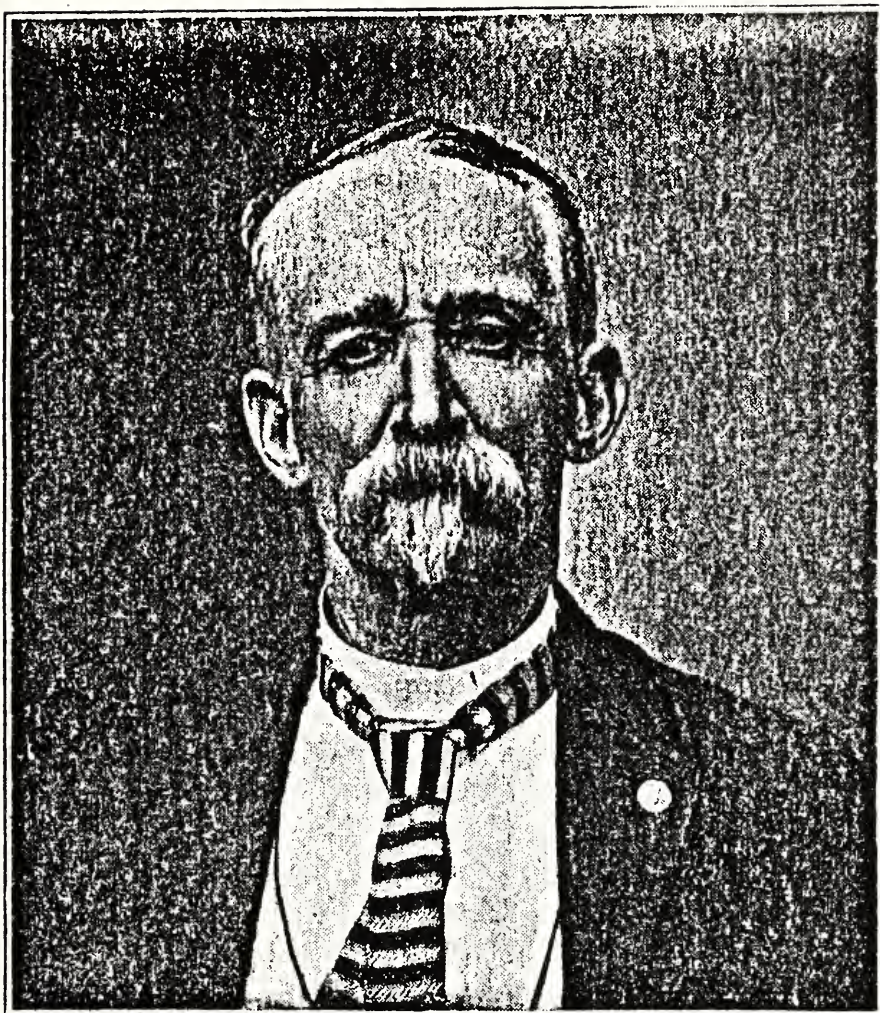
dition will stand out, in military annals, as the most expensive, extravagant, and inexcusable folly of the whole war. Steele was absent from Little Rock just 60 days with his wing of the army. Out of 76 pieces of artillery he got back with less than a half dozen. A brief summary of his losses can be set down as follows: 5,000 men lost in killed, wounded, and captured. The most disastrous loss being that of the "McLean Brigade," which, upon the return to Little Rock, numbered less than 300 effective men. Steele lost fully 2,000 wagons, and more than 5,000 mules and horses. Hon. John P. Usher, who was a member, at the time, of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet, told the writer that this expedition was discussed pretty fully at a Cabinet meeting, and was recognized by the members of the Cabinet, as one of the most unfortunate failures of the war, but the stupendous operations of the armies of the Potomac, the Cumberland, and the Tennessee, so engrossed the public attention, at the time, that the magnitude of this disaster did not receive that degree of attention which it would otherwise have arrested. Although General Banks succeeded in writing himself down as certainly the most unfortunate, if not the most worthless general which Mr. Lincoln had created, he continued, after the war, to be a central figure in politics, and was in Congress from his old Massachusetts district until very near his death.

What a conundrum is American politics! Three generations ago John Randolph of Roanoke, said, "that what the theatre is to the French, the bull fight or the fandango to the Spaniard, *politics* is to the great body of the American people." A later authority has said, "that this country would be a very respectable place to live in, were it not for politics and politicians." When the next war comes off, let the powers that be remember to keep out of the ranks

of the political swashbucklers of the country, in selecting officers to command our armies.

After the return of the regiment to Little Rock, it remained there only long enough to permit affairs to resume some sort of stability. Previous to the march to Camden the great body of the regiment had reenlisted as veterans, and were accordingly entitled to their veteran furlough of 30 days. It reached Indianapolis upon this furlough on the 10th of June, 1864. The regiment was received at the old State House front at Indianapolis by a welcoming address from that friend of all the Indiana regiments—that man who was “*par excellence*,” the soldiers friend, Governor Morton—the most illustrious son born of Indiana soil—he whose fame sank below the horizon, like a summer’s sun, and in the full blaze of its splendor. Governor Morton’s speech was supplemented by a very pleasing address by Major John H. Farquhar, an ex-member of Congress from the old Lawrenceburg district. The joy of the boys in returning to the soil of old Hoosierdom, can be better imagined than described. Hardly had the exercises at the State House concluded before Governor Morton informed us that Morgan and his men were threatening Louisville, and asked us if we would volunteer to go to Frankfort, Kentucky, near which city it was understood that Morgan’s cavalry had been operating. A trip of this kind, the boys thought, would be a picnic, when considered in connection with our Arkansas trampings. It was a step from the ridiculous to the sublime, and although the boys had not seen the loved ones at home, their fathers, their mothers, their sisters, and their sweethearts, they were willing to put it off for a few days longer in hopes that they could meet that roving terror, John Morgan. From Louisville the regiment hastened to Frankfort. On our arrival there we had another reception. This time at the old State House of Kentucky, a speech of

welcome from Governor Bramlett, a speech much more remarkable for what he did not say, than for what he actually said. The governor was a partially reconstructed Confederate, with Union tendencies. He gave us to understand that he did not believe that we would be able to encounter the redoubtable Morgan; where he was, or what he was doing, the Governor did not know; if we started after him, we would only be able to smell the battle afar off. As our services were not required, and there appeared to be no chance to cover ourselves all over with glory upon the soil of that state, once denominated as "the dark and bloody ground", we countermarched back to Louisville, expecting orders there as to future movements. Upon our return the advance guard of the regiment had a slight skirmish with a band of guerillas, supposed to be a part of Jesse's guerilla band, near Eminence, Kentucky. It so happened, in the Providence of God, and in the fortunes of war, that this was the last hostile shot heard by the men of the 43d during its military career. Upon our return to Indianapolis after the expiration of our veteran furlough, the regiment was placed on duty at Camp Morton, guarding Confederate prisoners. Three or four times during our stay in Indianapolis, upon this duty, we received orders from the war department to return to the front. It was the earnest wish of the Colonel commanding the regiment to be relieved of this duty and go to the front, expressing his hostility, however, against a return to Arkansas. The war department in pursuance of advices from Governor Morton, and General Carrington, that the presence of the regiment in Indianapolis was imperatively demanded, that the regiment was being recruited, up to the full standard, and that over two hundred of its tried and trusted soldiers were still prisoners of war at Camp Tyler, Texas, these things operated to retain the regiment at Indianapolis. When Hood was making



LIEUTENANT TARVIN C. GROOMS,
Company "H."

Attorney, Greencastle, Ind. Aid-de-Camp, Commander in Chief, G. A. R.

carried out orders, realizing that no glory awaited them in the task assigned. In the duty assigned them, they simply did their level best. Angels could do no more. The writer knows that many a brave boy of the regiment pined for the excitement of the front, which, with all its dangers and hazards, was to be preferred to the drudgery of a prison camp. The 43d regiment may be said to have had a dual, two fold existence; its first embracing the period from the time it left old Camp Vigo on that October day, 1861, until it returned upon veteran furlough. The hundreds whose names were added to the rolls in the fall of 1864 and the spring of 1865, although they had no taste of real war, they have ever felt that the previous record of the regiment in southern Missouri, on the Mississippi, and in Arkansas, belonged in part to them. They volunteered expecting to go to the front. It was not their fault that they did not go. They did the duty given unto them to do. They did it as soldiers with a full sense of the responsibility devolving upon them, and they are as proud of the fact that they are boys of the old 43d as the original enlistment, which tramped so many weary marches through the swamps of Missouri and Arkansas. The record will show that no regiment which left the state, of the same length of service, and enduring the same hardships, was marked by fewer desertions than the 43d. Desertion was not popular in the 43d.

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NECROLOGY OF THE REGIMENT: Since its muster out of service the relentless reaper, death, has gathered a rich harvest from among the old veterans. In this harvest he has made no distinction as to rank or service. Three among the field officers have gone to their great reward. Colonel George K. Steele, for more than 20 years has slept among his old neighbors in the cemetery at Rockville; Lieutenant

Colonel William L. Farrow, who resigned from the regiment in July, 1862, and who re-entered the service as Lieutenant Colonel of the 78th regiment, died in Greencastle some years since. Major Charles W. Moss, a hero of two wars, having also been a gallant soldier in the war with Mexico, was the last among the field officers to depart this life. Adjutant Milton J. Cooper, who served in that capacity until the expiration of his three years term of service, died in Greencastle but a few years since. The medical staff of the regiment has suffered greatly. Dr. William C. Smydth, of Worthington, the first regimental surgeon, who was mustered out in May, 1862, has gone to his great reward. Drs. Ellis and Gonsalvo C. Smyth, both of Greencastle, both of whom, after the war, attained the highest rank in their profession as medical practitioners, are both dead. In fact of the four Doctors commissioned as surgeons of the regiment all are dead. Dr. Milton D. Darnall having died in September, 1862, at Cairo, Illinois. Among those commissioned as Captains, there have departed this life, since our muster out, Captains James Rose and Warren Harper of Company "A", Captain Samuel Roach of Company "E", Captain Alexander H. Gainey of Company "F", Captains William Lane and William C. Whitridge of Company "H", and Captains William S. Magill and Wm. Sweeny of Company "K".

We can hardly realize that more than 38 years, years full of stirring events and glorious history, have elapsed since the boys of the 48d doffed the Blue and took up the burden of civil life, ardent and cheerfully. Some of them went west, some north, some south. They entered the public lands; they felled the forests; they broke the virgin soil and cropped it, in woodland and upon prairie; they helped to rear in western solitudes, villages, towns, and cities; they built railroads, churches, and school houses;

they opened mines ; a few entered the alluring arena of modern politics, and got an office, at the hands of political associates ; but the ravages of these 38 years of time are as marked upon the men of the old 43d as the results of the war upon the nation itself. Death has had a busy harvesting among the men whose names are to be found upon the rolls of the 43d. Old age, decrepitude and disease have reaped their usual harvest. Of the officers, as well as of the men of the Rank and File, more than half of whom have gone from the scenes and activities of this world, gone from the dull monotone of traffic and toil, to that better land, may we say, with truth:

Their race is run, their work is done ;
From morning light to set of sun,
They did their duty, brave and true,
The glorious 43d, which wore the blue.

Some held their course through rain of lead,
Where fell the dying and the dead,
And honor was their highest prize,
That jewel from the shining skies.

While ages roll, from pole to pole,
Each honest heart and lofty soul,
Will keep their records clear and bright,
As stars that glitter in the night.

While it would afford the writer of this brief and imperfect sketch much pleasure to refer to the many acts of individual bravery, to the deeds of personal courage and heroism which marked the acts of so many of the officers and men of the regiment, the space allotted for this sketch forbids it, and to select a few would seem to detract from others who were equally deserving. While nearly all were deserving of personal mention it would be injustice to name but a few. May it be the full measure of the personal ambition of *all of us*, officers and men alike, when, with pardonable pride, we can say,

"I BELONGED TO THE GALLANT OLD 43D INDIANA."

WHERE DID THE BOYS COME FROM?

WELL—most of them came from the "Empire of the Corn field, and the cabbage patch," although the shop, the city, and the village had their representatives.

"Company "A," Captain John C. Major, (subsequently promoted to Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and finally mustered out as Colonel). First Lieutenant David Orman; Second Lieutenant James M. Rose, came from Clay County. Its original organization was at Bowling Green, then the County seat of that county. Captain Major was probably the most military looking man in the whole regiment. Since the War Col. Major has become a great traveler, has visited most of the countries in Europe, and spent much time in Palestine and the Holy Land. He is also a close student of the principles of Free Masonry. This Company was in Camp Vigo before the creation of the 43d regiment. In its ranks were to be found some of the most promising young men in Clay County. Since its muster out Captains Rose and Harper have died. Captain Harper served as City Clerk of Terre Haute for one term. First Lieutenant Pinckney also has died since the close of the War.

Company "B" came from Putnam County, and was organized at the beautiful village of Bainbridge. This Company was also in Camp Vigo before the organization of the regiment. Francis M. Darnall, a prominent business man of that locality, was Captain. Samuel S. Carrington, now a citizen of Kansas, was First Lieutenant, and Marmaduke H. Darnall, Second Lieutenant. Captain Darnall resigned in May, 1862, and was succeeded by Marmaduke H. Darnall, who died from wounds received in the bloody battle

of Jenkins Ferry, fought April 30th, 1864. Alexander M. Scott, now a prominent banker of Montgomery County, was First Lieutenant of this Company for quite a long period. This company was a splendid body of men, made up of the very flower of the youth of that magnificent agricultural region around Bainbridge.

Company "C," was made up from among the sterling youth of Green County, its organization having been effected at Bloomfield. Elijah Edington was Captain of this Company until his muster out October 20th, 1864. He was succeeded by John W. Cooper, of Greencastle, who remained with the Company until mustered out with the regiment. Captain Cooper is now a prominent and successful citizen and business man, a well known Contractor, of Indianapolis. William F. Yeager, who was mustered out as First Lieutenant with the regiment, since the war has been a prominent and progressive farmer near the village of Middletown, in Vigo County. This Company was also in Camp Vigo before the organization of the regiment. Wm. Holman and Joseph A. Burcham, both of whom were Second Lieutenants, promoted from the ranks, have joined the great majority since the close of their military services.

Company "D" was the only contribution to the ranks of the regiment from Vigo County. It was also in Camp Vigo before the organization of the regiment. It was organized at the village of Hartford, better known as "Pimento", and Wesley W. Norris, (subsequently promoted to major and mustered out as Lieutenant Colonel), was its Captain. John L. Brown was the second Captain of this Company. Three members of this family, to-wit:—John L., William H., and Mathias M. Brown, were officers of this Company. Second Lieutenant William A. Thomas, died during the service. Among the enlisted men of this Company was

John Paddock, who lost his leg in battle. He was City Treasurer of Terre Haute for several years, and died some years ago at Wingfield, Kansas, while employed in the office of the State Treasurer.

Company "E" was a product of Sullivan County. Its first officers were Captain Samuel T. Roach, First Lieutenant Jackson Stepp and Second Lieutenant Josiah Stanley. Captain Roach has died since his military service. First Lieutenant Stepp, who resigned in May '62, re-entered the service as First Lieutenant in the 71st regiment. He is now an honored citizen of Portland, Oregon. He served one term as sheriff of Vigo County, after the war, but subsequently went to the Pacific coast.

Company "F" came from Lawrence County, and was organized at the village of Springville, in that County. Captain Alexander H. Gainey was its first Captain, and Joseph Lane, a minister of the gospel, was its first Lieutenant. Captain Gainey resigned January 20th, 1862, and was succeeded by Lieutenant Joseph Lane. Captain Lane was killed at the battle of Marks Mills, Arkansas, April 25th, 1864. He was the only minister of the gospel among the line officers.

Company "G" came also from Clay County, although a considerable number of the company came from Vigo, and other counties. Chas. W. Moss, subsequently promoted to Major, and who had seen service in the war with Mexico, was its first captain. A biography of Captain Moss will be found elsewhere in this volume. Two of the Lieutenants of this company, Milton Lewis Wyeth and William L. Martin are dead.

Company "H" was organized in Greencastle, Putman County. William Lane was its first Captain; Alfred Burley its First Lieutenant; and Moses Grooms Second Lieutenant. Two Captains of that Company, Captains William

Lane and William E. Whitridge have died since the muster out of the regiment, the former at Greencastle. Captain Whitridge was a man of fine business and literary ability. For years after the war he was prominently connected with the newspaper fraternity of Cincinnati. Tarvin C. Grooms, for some time a Lieutenant in this Company, is at this time a prominent lawyer at Greencastle. Putman County, like its neighbor, Clay County, furnished two companies for the regiment, each of them fine bodies of men. One of the most prominent men, in the ranks, in this company, was James A. Gilmore, the regimental joker, the whole regiment being his *jokees*. Mr. Gilmore has made an interesting contribution to this volume.

Company "I" came from Vermillion County. Its first Captain was Samuel J. Hall, of Newport, a prominent and well known farmer of that County. David A. Ranger, who for years after the war, was an honored citizen of Clinton, and who died there, was First Lieutenant, and George W. Shewmaker, Second Lieutenant. Upon the resignation of Captain Hall, January 7th, 1865, Robert B. Sears was promoted to the Captaincy. After the war, Captain Sears served with distinction, as a member of the Indiana State Senate. For some years past ex-Senator Sears has been a citizen of Indianapolis and is well known there in business circles. Four former Lieutenants of this company, Ranger, Martin, Shewmaker and Andrews are dead.

Company "K" was the contribution which Parke County made to the ranks of the regiment, it having been organized at Rockville. Its members were of the best blood and bone of "Old Parke." John R. Callender was its first Captain; William S. Magill, First Lieutenant; and George H. Hansel, Second Lieutenant. Captain William S. Magill, who succeeded Captain Callender, died after the war in Texas. George W. Lancaster, who was mustered out with the reg-

iment as First Lieutenant, is a well known citizen and business man of Indianapolis, esteemed and respected by all who know him. For some years past he has been the President of the organization of the Regiment, which has been maintained, without interruption since its muster out. Captain Callender has long borne the reputation of good citizenship in the city of Vincennes. Captain Sweeny, the last captain of the company, is also dead.

THE BATTLE OF "MARKS MILL."

COL. NORRIS'S ACCOUNT OF THIS ENGAGEMENT.

AT this most unfortunate engagement, the *only* disaster sustained by the 43d regiment in all its career, from the time it heard the first hostile gun, in the front, at New Madrid, until its final muster out at Indianapolis, after more than three and one-half years of hard, self-denying service, Major Wesley W. Norris, subsequently promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, was in immediate command of the detachment of this regiment guarding the cumbersome, unwieldy wagon train, enroute to Pine Bluff. Major Norris gives his account of this engagement in the letter herewith published, which speaks for itself.

Major Norris had been also a soldier in the Mexican War, and was recognized as one of the best equipped officers in the Regiment.

The most important statement in Major Norris' account of this Engagement is that the *brunt of the battle* of Marks Mill was borne by the 43d Regiment. While the entire detachment was captured, (except a few who succeeded in making their escape) the list of mortality in both the 36th Iowa, and the 77th Ohio, fully sustains Major Norris' statement, upon this point.

Col. W. E. McLean,

Terre Haute, Indiana.

Rock Rapids, Iowa.

July 24th, 1903.

Dear Col.:—In writing you the account of the disastrous battle of Marks Mill, you must remember that I am seventy years old now, and that this action took place nearly forty years ago, and I have no memoranda or data, only writing from memory, so if I make any mistakes in dates and places, please correct them.

About the 23d of April, 1861, the 43d Indiana, with the 36th Iowa, and the 77th Ohio, a battery of Artillery, and a detachment of Cavalry, and a wagon train of about 350 wagons, under the command of Lieutenant Col. Drake of the 36th Iowa, was ordered to march from Camden, Ark., on the Washita River, to Pine Bluff, Ark., on the Saline River, the distance between the two rivers being about 35 miles. We were ordered to make the march in two days, if possible, but on the second day we camped about 4 P.M., about 7 or 8 miles from Pine Bluff. This was a great mistake. We should have gone on to Pine Bluff. The 43d marched in the rear, on the second day, and took the front on the evening of the second day's march and morning of the third day.

During the night my pickets, in front, reported to me that something unusual was going on in front, and asked permission to advance and investigate. I got up and went to Col. Drake's tent and awaking him, reported to him about the noise and confusion on our front or flank and asked for orders. He said very positively, "Major, there is no enemy in front; you get scared too easily. Go back and go to bed." I returned to my regiment and cautioned my pickets to be very vigilant. In the morning we advanced at sun-up, and, after proceeding a short distance, I found from my scouts, and personal investigation, that a strong force was in my front. Although as yet not a shot had been fired, I halted my command and threw up works, from old timber and rails and parked the battery of artillery, and, while here, Col. Drake

came riding up and seemed to be in a terrible passion. He cursed me roundly and wanted to know why I did not advance. I told him, in probably as emphatic language as he used to me, that a strong force of the enemy was in our immediate front. Drake said again, "there is no enemy in front." I said, "Col. Drake, a strong force is in our front, for I have seen them, and know they are there, and you ought to order up the 36th Iowa, and the 77th Ohio, and take position on my right and left." Drake then said, "If I thought there was any danger I would park the wagon trains." I said, "Col., it is too late, you cannot park the trains now; get your men in line for we will have a fight in a few minutes." Col. Drake then said, "Major Norris, I order you to advance your line and feel of the enemy if there is any in the front." Saluting, I said, "All right, Col." Dismounting, I gave my horse to my Orderly and ordered my line to advance.

We had not proceeded 300 feet before we were fired on by the enemy's pickets. We charged and soon struck their line of battle, and I believe now that, if I had been supported, we would have cut our way through, but my short line was flanked and I was obliged to fall back to where the battery was posted. For hours we fought there, charging back and forth and finally we were obliged to surrender, but not until about one-third of our gallant 43d lay killed, or wounded.

I never saw Colonel Drake after the action commenced. He was wounded and captured, with almost the entire force, wagon train included. I was not supported by the 77th Ohio, or the 36th Iowa.

After capture we were marched to the camp ground of Kirby Smith, on Washita River, from there to Camden as the Rebels reported, for exchange, but we were not exchanged, but finally landed at Tyler, Texas, where I was held prisoner for eleven months.

W. W. Norris, Major 43d Indiana Infantry.
Late Lieutenant Col. " " "



SERGEANT JOHN C. MOSS.

FORTY-NINE DAYS IN THE WILDERNESS. A
STORY OF THE CAPTURE AND ESCAPE OF
FIRST SERGT. JOHN C. MOSS, CO. "G,"
CAPT. W. E. WHITRIDGE, SERGT.
JONATHAN FISK AND PRIVATE
JOHN M. JONES, OF CO. "H.,"
ALL OF THE 43D INDIANA
VOLUNTEERS.

BY SERGEANT, JOHN C. MOSS.

AFTER a lapse of a few short years, I again step upon the stage to greet my comrades. By request of the brave boys of the 43d and our gallant Commader, William E. McLean, I will travel once more the long weary marches in the wilderness, climb the rugged mountains, cross the desolate prairie, and press on to Little Rock, to greet the Stars and Stripes, which float so proudly over our Nation to-day. At each Reunion the roll-call shows some brave boy mustered out. The ranks are thinning, but the hand clasp is just as warm, the fire of patriotism burns just as brightly as in 1861. My life has plowed along like a river, but the ocean of oblivion is near; former scenes, incidents, and memories, will then sink beneath its billows, but the work accomplished by the "boys in blue," will live on and on forever.

In February, 1861, I, like many other boys of my age, (being then but seventeen), thought that I could learn more, see more, and, in short, could accomplish more among strangers than among friends. So, in accordance with these views, I informed my folks that I was going to leave my parental roof and obey the command of the late Horace Greely: "Young man, go West." Hence with

grip in hand, I bade them adieu, and was soon enroute for Terre Haute, the first point in view. I reached the above place the 21st of the month. After a short rest I pushed on to Paris, Ills., where I found myself among strangers and penniless; for the 50 cents I had on starting had been expended. I now felt that I must procure work soon, or I might realize the feelings of a hungry boy. Fortunately, however, I secured a situation with Mr. Milo Hawkins, six miles north-west of Paris.

Just at this time it was the prevailing belief that War between the North and South was inevitable. I had already decided that if War was declared I would enlist at the first opportunity. And this was soon presented. I was informed that Captain Ridgley was organizing a Company of three months' men at Paris. On reaching Paris I was somewhat embarrassed, but was not long in making my business known. I learned that Captain Ridgley was to speak at the M. E. Church that evening, after which a call would be made for Volunteers. When he had finished his address, which was full of patriotic sentiments, he announced himself as ready for the reception of Volunteers. I, having forgotten my timidity, rushed forward and was among the first to enlist. At this time I knew not who would be our officers and cared not, for I was moved by justice, and did not want to see the flag of this grand old Republic insulted, and felt it was my duty, as an American citizen, to lend my assistance, for the perpetuation of this Republic, for which so many brave men laid down their lives. The company organized was mustered into the 12th Illinois, but I being sick at the expiration of my enlistment was mustered out and returned home.

In September, 1861, I assisted in recruiting the 43d Regiment, and especially Company "G", of which I had become a member. About the 1st of September, 1861, our

Company was ready for organization. Chas. W. Moss was chosen Captain, Dr. Wyatt 1st Lieutenant, Jonathan M. Johns 2nd Lieutenant, and Joseph Wilgus Orderly Sergeant. The other non-commissioned officers were appointed by the Captain. Let us say just here that our Company was composed of just 101, one-hundred of whom were as good men and boys as ever shouldered a musket. Within a short time we were ordered to the front. We reached Evansville November 25, 1861. From this place we went to Spottsville, Ky., thence to Calhoun. From Calhoun we went to Owensborough, and from there to South Carrollton, Ky., where we fortified. Our next move was back to Calhoun. Thence on to Owensborough on a forced march to reenforce the troops stationed at Fort Donelson; but before reaching there we were ordered to report at Evansville. On reaching the last named place, we were ordered to assist in opening the Mississippi. We remained with the fleet during the fall of Island No. 10, New Madrid, Fort Pillow, Memphis, Helena and Vicksburg. Preparations had been made for a grand celebration at Helena on the 4th of July, 1863. And it was a grand affair to be sure! The Rebels, under Generals Price, Marmaduke, and Shelby, appeared upon the ground, and a hotly contested battle ensued, in which were killed about six-hundred Rebels, our loss being light.

Our next point of attack was Little Rock. The Confederates learning of our advance, abandoned the city, of which we took possession without bloodshed. We remained until the spring of 1864. The army, under the command of Major General Frederick Steele, took up the line of march for the purpose of co-operating with Gen. Banks at Shreveport, La., known in history as the "Banks Expedition." We moved with little opposition until we reached Camden, Ark., where we went into camp. On our

march, however, occurred the engagements at "Prairie de Ann" and Elkin's Ford. Gen. Banks, with the co-operation of Porter's Fleet, met a series of disasters that ended in the failure of the movement against Shreveport. The loss, in men and material, was heavy, and the vessels, in consequence of a fall in the river, were only saved from capture or destruction, by a dam being constructed across the river, by which the boats were able to go over the falls. After the disaster at Shreveport, the Confederates concentrated their forces against Gen. Steele. On the 21st of April we received orders to be in readiness to escort a wagon train, consisting of over 400 wagons to Pine Bluff. The 43d regiment when it left Camden numbered a little less than 400 men. It was under the immediate command, at the time, of Major Wesley W. Norris. Col. William E. McLean being detained on special duty at Camden, and Lieutenant Col. John C. Major being absent from the command. The entire force consisting of three regiments, to-wit: the 43d Indiana, the 36th Iowa and the 77th Ohio, and one other company of the 1st Indiana cavalry all under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Francis N. Drake, of the 36th Iowa. Col. Kitridge, of the Iowa regiment, and Col. Mason, of the 77th Ohio, both being absent also from their commands. Col. McLean was to join the command the day following. The entire force guarding this bulky wagon train, stretching along as it did more than one mile, numbered about 1,200 men. The command was on the road as soon as the wagons could be put into position. We moved on uninterrupted the first day and went into camp at what is called Moro Swamp that night about six o'clock, at least two hours before we should have gone into camp. Having sent scouts ahead, we learned from them that the enemy was a short distance in front, and supposed to be in force. A consultation was held,

which resulted in a decision to proceed until we should meet the Rebs., and repulse them if possible. At 9 o'clock next morning we were ordered to march, the 43d in advance of the wagons. We had gone about three miles when we met the foe. Company G was deployed to bring on the attack. We were not long in attracting their attention, for we had scarcely made a movement before we encountered a rebel regiment. The preliminaries were few. Very soon the fight begun in earnest. The sound of musketry stilled the din of both horse and wagon. The scene became terrible. Those to whom we were endeared by months of suffering and hardships together, were falling on all sides never more to rise. But a short time had elapsed before the Confederates had their lines so formed as to compass our forces. Our company went into the fight with 33 as noble men as ever did military duty, 23 of which fell within the first thirty minutes of this fierce and disastrous struggle. The missiles of death were so thick that escape seemed impossible. The boys fell side by side, crossed each other, and in fact were found two and three deep in the depressions, thus presenting a most heart-rending scene. The battle raged for four hours, but surrender we did not. The artillery stood at their guns until the last one save the Lieutenant, was shot down, and he received a severe wound. His last act before receiving the fatal shot was to send one more storm of grape and canister at the advancing foe, yet he knew that to face them was almost certain death. When last I saw him he was weeping bitterly for the unfortunate boys of the 43d, who had been his constant companions for many months of peril and anxiety. We did not surrender as a company, but were taken two or three at a time. They would charge on us, capturing a few, and we would return the compliment by a volley from our muskets. There were about fifty on the

field who had not surrendered when Major Norris proposed to cut our way through the rebel lines or die in the attempt. We were within about 100 yards of Gen. Shelby's command, and were just ready to attempt the last desperate effort for freedom when a member of Company C displayed his handkerchief from the end of his ramrod. Seeing this the rebels closed in and we were prisoners of war. The first thing they required of us was to exchange clothing. As they marched us off the field I saw a number of my comrades already stripped of their clothing—not a thing left upon them to serve as a winding sheet. And permit me to say right here to those who had friends killed at the battle of Marks Mill, that they were robbed of their clothing and left three days to bleach before interment. Some rebel commander is responsible to his God for this brutal conduct, unparalleled by any save the savage.

But a short time elapsed after becoming prisoners of War until we found ourselves waiting further orders. Here I found ten of Company G whose fate had been to survive the battle and to experience that which was worse than death—prison life in a rebel stockade. It was now about sunset, and we had eaten nothing since sunrise. Our new commander, a Col. Hill, ordered us into line. The order, "forward march," was then heard. A strong guard was placed on each side. In this manner we marched all that night and the next day until we reached the Washita River, where we were allowed to rest until the next morning. Our supper consisted of a small piece of Johnny cake, the preparation of which could best be described by the American citizen of African descent. This was the first food we had tasted since the morning of the battle—a space of 36 hours. "Marks Mill" marked the *first* and *only* disaster suffered by the 43d Regiment, in all its history.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE MARKS' MILL
DISASTER. WHO SHOULD BE HELD
RESPONSIBLE FOR IT?

IN regard to the unfortunate events which led to the capture of the "McLean Brigade" at Marks Mill, I reflect the universal sentiment of the officers of the 43d with whom the subject was discussed. The entire responsibility of the Camden disaster must be charged to the officer in command, Lieutenant Colonel Francis M. Drake of the 36th Iowa. The orders which he had received from Col. McLean, explicitly given, and of which every officer of the 43d was familiar, was for the command not to go into camp until communication was made with Gen. Clayton's forces at Pine Bluff. Contrary to this explicit order, Col. Drake went into camp about 6 o'clock, or really before that, as it was before sundown. Had he continued the march for three hours longer he would have crossed the Saline River, and got into full communication with Gen. Clayton. What was his special object in disobeying this explicit order can only be conjectured. If he really wanted *a fight*, he was accommodated to a much greater extent than he could have anticipated. At 6 o'clock in the evening, after the brigade had gone into camp, information was received that the enemy, in full force, was approaching, and that they would be between our forces and the Saline River by day light the next morning. Drake called a council of war at which practically all of the officers of the brigade were present, and this fact was made known to them. Col. Drake, however, closed the consultation by declaring that they would remain in camp, meet the enemy in the morning, *and give them a thrashing*. While this in-

action upon part of Col. Drake in not continuing the march was the supreme disaster to "McLean's Brigade" it was what saved Gen. Steele's poor demoralized army, in its hurried retreat from Camden back to Little Rock. To the main body of that army it was a God send. Had Drake continued to march and got into Pine Bluff, the enemy, experiencing no opposition on their march, would have easily got between Steele's retreating army and Jenkins' Ferry, and the inevitable result would have been the capture of Steele's army, and the irreparable loss to the Union cause of the whole trans-Mississippi department. Had Col. McLean been personally present with the brigade, instead of having been on special duty assigned him by Gen. Steele at Camden, the disaster to the brigade, it was believed by all, would not have occurred, but a still greater disaster would have befallen Steele's army. In making this statement I simply reflect the universal sentiment of every officer and almost every man of that brigade so often expressed. Colonel Drake was wounded in the engagement. The wound and the good services which he had before rendered at the battle of Elkins' Ford, and the further fact that he was overwhelmed by greatly superior numbers at Marks Mill, made him subsequently, Governor of the great State of Iowa. It is well, however, to reflect that Col. Drake was an ardent supporter of the political party so long in ascendancy in that State. The loss of the greater part of the "McLean Brigade," at Marks Mill, was, however, the salvation of Steele's army at Jenkin's Ferry. From that standpoint it was a great Union victory.

The third day we marched into Camden, the place we had left on the 23d. We were crowded into an old cotton house and required to remain there several days, when we were ordered to Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas. The march to our new home in the "Lone Star State," was begun cheer-

fully ; for any thing was, we thought, better than our condition in the cotton house. Major Hill was a gentleman, and treated us the best he could under the circumstances. The guards, too, were good fellows, and allowed us all the privileges they dared. We crossed Red River at Shreveport. Nothing unusual occurred on our journey. On reaching "Camp Ford" we were counted as so many cattle, and turned into the stockade, which consisted of 8 acres, enclosed with a palisade of split pine logs, 8 feet of which protruded from the ground. Just outside was placed a strong guard. On the inside a line was drawn, ten feet from the fence, known as the "*dead line*." The 43d was consigned to quarters in the southwest corner of the enclosure. The first day was spent in inspection, forming acquaintances, etc. I learned that there were 3,608 prisoners within the stockade, consisting of all nationalities, and from every State in the Union.

The broad spreading canopy of heaven, with the sun by day and its moon and twinkling stars by night, was our only shelter. We had no sheds or tents to protect us from the scorching sun or the beating rain. After some days, however, the rebel commander, Col. Allen, issued an order permitting 100 men to pass out of the stockade daily for the purpose of collecting fuel and gathering brush, with which to construct shades. A strong guard accompanied us while in the woods. We soon had our shades completed, which kept off the direct rays of the sun, and for which we were very grateful, notwithstanding this was the product of our own labor. Each morning we fell into line for roll-call. It was the duty of the Confederate Sergeant to make the count, but instead of doing so, he would depute the First Sergeant of each Yankee Company to call, and he would stand at our back and look over our shoulder to see, as we thought, whether or not we called the roll correctly.

We soon ascertained, however, *that he could not read*. One morning I decided to test his scholastic ability, so in calling the roll I missed several names, and thus confirmed my belief in his illiteracy. This knowledge was of vital importance to us.

Major C. W. Moss was taken sick soon after reaching Camp Ford. As soon as he was able he was permitted to pass out of the prison on a "parole of honor". Soon after this he and Major Norris, who was a physician, were assigned duty at the hospital. The sick increased so rapidly that it became necessary to enlarge the hospital. Major Moss was detailed to pass out of prison with ten men to work on its construction, but was required to report at a stated time in the evening. All nurses had a pass which permitted them to pass out of the stockade, *ab libitem*. I had been trying to devise some plan of escape, so I borrowed a pass from one of the nurses, which I copied, and to see if my plan would work, gave him the pass I had written and kept the original. I went with him to the gate and saw that he passed out all right on the pass I had written. I then felt sure that I could make myself useful. The first persons to whom I furnished passes were Chas. Davis and David Adams. When all was in readiness I accompanied them to the gate, where I beheld them pass out as nurses, unsuspected, to enjoy a ramble. They succeeded in reaching the Federal lines at Little Rock after several weeks travel. I passed out several of the boys, one of whom, Otho Hamilton, of our Company, was captured and brought back. The Rebels hung him until he was almost dead, to make him tell who assisted him in his escape, and who escaped with him. He bore the torture manfully, but wouldn't divulge the secret. Had he yielded my life would have paid the penalty. Almost all my companions who were able to travel having passed out, I concluded to try

my own luck. Capt. Whitridge, Serg. Fisk, John Johns, of Company H., and myself, conferred with Capt. Moss as to our plans, and solicited his assistance. The plan agreed upon was to go into the woods with the Captain's squad of men, he being allowed to take ten men out to work. At noon he was to return to the stockade with six, and leave us four in the woods. If he was not detected, he was to return after noon with his full number, ten, so that they would count all right at night. The last day of September, 1864, was the time set to make the trial for liberty. We had gotten all the possible information concerning the geography of the country through which we had to travel. We stored a couple of haversacks with parched corn and jerked beef. We passed out of the prison as previously planned, but did not do much work that forenoon. At noon the Captain returned to the stockade with six men, and the guards asked no questions. In the afternoon he returned with his full number, and when we saw them coming we knew that our plans had succeeded. We spent the afternoon in consummating our plans, and just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, the Captain informed us he would be expected in camp soon. We secreted ourselves in the lap of a tree which had been felled. Captain Moss threw some brush over us, to conceal us from the rebels until we were ready to begin our journey proper. This being done all gave us a parting hand, saying, "our prayers shall be for your success". Just after dark two Rebels from a camp near by came and watered their horses within a few feet of us. We remained concealed until everything was quiet about the camp, and then we emerged from our hiding place and commenced our journey. The night was excessively dark, and flash after flash of lightning rent the heavens; peal after peal of thunder deadened every sound. This was to our advantage. However, we

found it very difficult to determine the direction we wished to travel. The only plan by which we could keep our course was by feeling the bark of the trees. In that section the rough bark grows on the north side of the trees, also the moss grows on that side. We desired to travel in a northwestern direction until we should reach the Red River. The next morning found us several miles from Camp Ford. We secreted ourselves during the day, as we thought it would be unsafe to travel then. We even carried on all conversation in whispered tones, as the country was teeming with bush-whackers, and we knew not when we might be overheard. Each of us carried a hickory cane, on which we cut a notch each evening. On Sundays we cut a dot. This served as our calendar. These canes, with an old butcher knife, were our only instruments of combat. Sections of country through which we traveled in Texas were thickly settled. Hence it became evident that we must be very cautious. The second day we lay in secret until night, when we partook of what we had to eat, again beginning our journey. We selected the North Star as a guide and pushed on, nothing unusual occurring during the night. Just at dawn the next morning we came to a large plantation, which was the last thing we desired to see. We decided, however, that we could cross it without the occupants discovering us. We succeeded in reaching the further side but found ourselves between two plantations. Our only chance was to conceal ourselves in a clump of woods which lay between the two premises. Here we lay all day in sight of the houses; in fact saw the negroes passing to and fro, within a few steps of us. We dared not raise up, or speak to each other, but were compelled to lay until night without a morsel to eat or a drop of water. We will leave you to guess the apparent length of that day to us. When night came and all was quiet, we arose from

our concealment and continued our journey. Night after night we traveled, frequently crossing streams which we had to swim. The Twenty-first night of our journey we reached Red River. The stream was wide and had the appearance of being deep. Captains Whitridge and Fisk were not expert swimmers, and were not willing to attempt to swim a stream so wide. We constructed a raft of logs upon which Whitridge and Fisk perched themselves. Johns and I pushed the raft into the current and waded to the opposite shore, having found no swimming water. We landed about a quarter of a mile down the river, after having a desperate struggle with the current which was very swift. We destroyed our raft, and were not long in getting away from the river as we had landed near a public road. At daylight the next morning we found ourselves on a pinnacle of the Ozark mountains. On looking to the east, north, and west we could see nothing but mountains. To the south we could view what seemed to be an endless plain, stretching its endless border far beyond Camp Ford. This country was a wilderness, there being no signs of habitation. The only creatures to break the monotony of our sad and irksome travels were bears, panthers, wolves, catamounts, deer and other wild animals. We had eaten our last morsel of meal and beef days before. Our shoes had become untenable, and our clothes were in tatters. We had yet 300 miles to go before we reached the Federal lines. Barefooted and nothing to eat but acorns, grapes, and fruits, we found it impossible to travel after night, through this rough, rocky country. We rested until noon when we took up the line of march due north. We made a very good headway that afternoon, and camped on a small mountain stream; here Johns caught a small animal resembling an opossum. We ventured to strike a fire and soon had its carcass broiling. Our supper consisted of meat

and grapes. After supper we reviewed our travels, and despite our sufferings decided our present circumstances were preferable to being at Camp Ford. We felt a little independent, for we knew that we could exist for quite a while upon the products of the country through which we were passing.

For 10 days we traveled through this wild trackless country without seeing any sign of habitation. On the 33d day, however, we came to a small opening, which on approaching, we found to be a small field, containing a cabin. On peering from the thicket we were not a little surprised to see a squaw picking peas. On seeing us she ran to the house where we followed her. Fisk, who could talk the Indian language, asked her where the buck was. She motioned to the inner house; on entering we confronted a very tall Indian, dressed in the Federal Uniform. He met us with "how, how", at the same time pointing to seats. We each took a seat near a gun (there was one standing in each corner of the room), intending to use them if necessary. At first he pretended that he did not understand English. Fisk told him that we were Rebel soldiers who had been in Boyce Co., Texas, on a furlough, and were on our way to Washington, Ark., where the regiment was stationed. He then began asking questions in English; wanted to see our "past" as he called it. We told him that we lost them in the Red River. This seemed to satisfy him that we were Johnnys. He ordered his squaw to prepare us some dinner, which she soon had ready, and consisted of bread, sweet potatoes, squashes and some kind of meat. We learned from him that we were about 260 miles from Little Rock. After we had finished dinner he invited us to smoke with him. John asked him where he got his Uniform to which he replied "that he was in the battle of Marks Mill," and had killed and scalped and robbed one of our

comrades. The reader can better imagine our feelings than I can express them. Johns wanted to kill him and his squaw but Fisk and Whitridge gave him motions of dissent, for they well knew it wouldn't do. We bade the Indian family a friendly good-bye and pursued our journey. The 34th day we happened upon a public road, which from its course we decided led to Dardinele, on the Arkansas River. After crossing the Red River we had been careful to avoid all roads, but thirteen days of constant travel over rocks and mountains had so completely fatigued us, that we decided to lay through the day and travel by night. We hid in an old cabin, which was surrounded by tall weeds, thus affording an excellent lurking place. Here we remained until the mountains were shrouded in darkness. We were constantly growing weaker, for we had not had anything to eat since we left the old Indian, except acorns. Yet we were full of hope and bright anticipations, thinking that surely a night or two more would bring us to the Federal lines. We had not traveled over a mile upon the road, when to our great surprise we found ourselves in a rebel camp, with Rebels on all sides of us. We were within a few steps of where they were engaged in getting supper. The road curved around the base of the mountain, and they being located near the base, we did not discover them until it was too late to retreat. The question now arose, "how we were going to get out of this dilemma?" It being unsafe to speak above a whisper, we used our canes as telephones, and held a council as to the best plan to escape detection. Captain Whitridge and Fisk were in favor of passing on through the camp. Johns was in favor of capturing the whole outfit, about 30 in number, and parole them. He said that we could send one in and ask them to surrender without bloodshed, and state to them that they were completely surrounded. We decided, however, that there

would not be very much fun in trying to handle so many Johnnys, who were well armed, so we decided to move on through the camp, and if possible, escape unnoticed. We soon found ourselves in among their horses through which we passed unnoticed, gaining the road, considerably relieved. We did not go far until we met two Rebels; our first impulse was to run, but knowing that would not do, we spoke to them and passed on. One of them said to the other, "the boys are going to the chicken roost". We then consulted as to the propriety of taking to the woods instead of the chicken roost, but finally decided that we would remain in the road. We had gone but a short distance when we came to a place where the road lay between the base of an abrupt mountain and a small creek. Across the road was a small pond of water. Just as we commenced wading in, we heard the tramp of horses on the opposite side. Johns and I stepped to the right and were hidden by the underbrush; Whitridge and Fisk stepped to the left and sat down. When the Rebels were within a few feet of us their horses turned suddenly and started back. After the use of some peculiar profanity, they succeeded in getting their horses to pass us, after which, one of them swore he would like to know what frightened their horses; the other replied, "it's a stump, I've seen it a thousand times." We were glad on this occasion to be called *stumps*. Our anxiety had been so great for two or three hours, that we decided to leave the road. The remainder of the night was spent in rapid traveling. The 39th day found us so worn out that we determined to venture to some house, and if possible, procure some food. We were so starved that death seemed preferable to life. We soon came within the sight of a house, where we found the family at breakfast. I, having been chosen spokesman, asked for the head of the family and was informed the lady was a widow. I then asked if

we could get something to eat. She replied, "certainly." The family gave us their places at the table, and while we were eating we told her who we were and the place of our destination. She informed us that our lives were in danger every moment, the neighborhood being full of bushwhackers, who came to her house nearly every day. The bushwhackers had killed her husband, who was a Federal. She promised, if we would trust her, to send us to a place of safety, where we could procure food and rest for a few days. We were only too glad to consent to the proposition. Mrs. Berry, for that was the woman's name, called her little boy and girl, aged about ten and twelve, telling them to go with us to Mrs. James, who lived about six miles distant. The children were to travel the road, but we were instructed to remain a short distance, so we could easily conceal ourselves if necessary. If danger was near, the little girl was to give the signal by taking off her bonnet and throwing it across her arm, then play along the road until the coast was clear, when she would replace her bonnet on her head, which to us meant, "come on". We had not traveled far until the little girl carelessly threw her bonnet across her arm. We concealed ourselves and presently saw a company of rebels going in the direction of the Widow Berry's. Presently the bonnet was replaced, and we moved on. Within a short time the signal was repeated. This time there were but two Johnnys. In this manner we were escorted to within a short distance of the house, when we were requested to wait until the little girl went into the house. In a few minutes she returned, accompanied by Mrs. James, who, on approaching, asked what we wanted. Giving her a brief account of ourselves, we explained our wishes, to which she replied, "I'll see about it." We bade adieu to the faithful children who had rendered us such valuable service, and were left in charge of Mrs. James,

who directed us to remain in the thicket at the rear of a small field until she could procure some food. Pointing to a large trough in front of the door, she said, "if I see Rebels about I will hammer upon that trough as if I were splitting wood, then take to the woods as fast as you can." Just after dark Mrs. James came with our supper, and while eating she told us that she was a widow, but was willing to do all she could for us. After we finished our meal we suggested going on but she would not consent to it, saying that she was looking for a company of mountain federals, and if they came she would send us word, so we could have protection through to the Federal lines. Just at daylight she brought our breakfast, informing us that the Federals would be at her house about noon. At noon she appeared with our dinner but it was not until some two hours later that a lad came running toward us, bringing the welcome news that the soldiers had come. Our great source of anxiety now was whether they were Rebs or Yanks, but mustering all our courage we approached the house. What was our surprise when we seen neither. Mrs. James met us with a hearty laugh, saying, "you're all right, I merely wanted to satisfy myself you were not rebel spies. She then narrated the death of her husband as follows: "My husband was a Union man. One day a squad of Confederates came, claiming they were Union men until they had gained his confidence and he had expressed his sympathy for the North. Then they told him it was their duty to kill all union men, and shot him 22 times. There, she said, is the very spot on which he fell. Imagine my feelings on seeing my husband murdered in cold blood. You can now understand why I was suspicious of you. Had I found you to be rebel spies you would never have left the place alive. I am thoroughly satisfied you are genuine, and I always like to meet those whose hearts beat in

unison with mine in a common cause. I can never do enough for the Union soldiers, neither can I ever fully avenge the blood of my murdered husband. The interesting narrative of her husband's death, was brought to a sudden close by the arrival of the widow Berry, who was previously mentioned in befriending us. She had a painful story to relate. The morning after we left her house, the noted rebel bushwhacker, Captain Hogue, and his band, went to her house and ordered breakfast. While she was preparing it they were attacked by a band of mountain federals, and in the fight Hogue and several of his men were killed and the rest routed. The next morning the rebels returned burning her house and contents to the ground, not even allowing her to remove their clothing. They further showed their brutal dispositions by shooting her milch cows and horses. She asked us when we reached Little Rock to inform her sons (who were in Fort Smith under Gen. Blount) of her destitute condition. The following is in her own language concerning the murder of her husband: "In 1862 Capt. Hogue wanted my husband to join his company in driving all federals out of western Arkansas. He refused to do so and Hogue told him 'that he favored the Union cause and that he must take his choice, leave the country, or die'. So my husband went to the mountains, and we got his food to him the best we could. One day, about a year ago, my little girl was dying and I sent for him. He came and stayed by her side until she was dead, and then went to work on a box in which to bury our little darling, and thus while at work, under the shed at the back of the house, Hogue and his men road up. Hogue said, 'Ha! we have caught you at last.' My husband replied that he was making a box in which to bury our little Katy. Hogue replied, 'darn your old soul, you had just as well make one big enough for yourself, for I

intend to kill you', drawing his revolver he shot him down like a dog. He then put two balls through his head, even after he was dead. He told my boys, who were then at home, if they remained to bury their father, he would surely kill them, so they were forced to leave. I buried my husband and child as best I could. My heart is almost broken. I was glad the other morning when Hogue was killed. He was killed under the same shed where he so brutally murdered my husband, and I felt that justice had overtaken him''. When she had finished her heart rending sketch, we promised to carry out her wishes if we ever reached the federal lines. She now took her leave, and as she was disappearing in the twilight, Mrs. James resumed her conversation, by saying that it was time for us to be traveling, and that she intended to escort us to our new quarters. After we had got fairly started she informed us that she had made arrangements for us to have a pilot, and that if we would do as she directed, she thought that all would pan out satisfactory. We traveled until about eleven o'clock when we reached a building which we soon saw was a commissary store, containing bunks of ammunition and guns. She told us this was the headquarters for the mountain federals and that Dr. Allen would call for us at one o'clock, and for us to ask, "who comes there"? and that the reply would be, "Allen". It was now midnight, the hour for Mrs. James to return to her family. She shook hands with each of us, and implored the Divine blessing upon us, and asked Him to care for and safely deliver us to our friends. She then disappeared, to be seen by us no more. Just at 1 o'clock we heard footsteps, and after the question and answer agreed upon were given, we admitted him. Dr. Allen was a man of 60 years of age, tall, portly, and of more than ordinary intellect. He was well versed on the current topics of the day, and said that

he considered it his duty to kill all the bushwhackers he might overtake. He informed us that he had been sent by the mountain federals to look after us, and that if we were willing to trust him he would see that we were cared for. We agreed to accept him as leader. He then instructed us to prepare some food, which we soon dispatched. We then began to shorten the distance between this and the point in view, which we reached a little after sunrise. The Dr's cabin was situated in a deep gorge with lofty mountains on each side. It appeared to be entirely secluded. He said to us, in rather a jocular style, "make yourselves at home boys, there are no rebels about here, they don't know of my whereabouts". His wife soon had breakfast prepared, which consisted of corn bread, sweet potatoes, and bear meat. While we were eating his wife told him they were about out of meat. "All right," he replied, "I'll patch up some old shoes for the Yankees and tonight we will go and catch a bear." The afternoon was spent in conversation, and we learned from him that he had emigrated from Kentucky in 1848 and that he had been successful in business matters. At the commencement of the war he owned a good farm, had it well stocked, and because he would not sympathize with the Southern cause, his buildings were burned, his property confiscated, and himself and family driven to the mountains in destitute circumstances. They had killed his only son. In talking over his troubles he would become so angry and swear that as long as he was permitted to inhabit this mundane sphere, he would seek revenge ; that he had partly avenged the death of his son, but was not satisfied. After supper the Dr. handed each of us a gun and some ammunition, called his dogs, and away we went in search of meat. After a tramp of several hours we heard the clamor of the dogs. "Ah, boys," said he, "they are close to it." To what? asked Jones. A bear, he

replied. They will tree it in twenty minutes. On reaching the dogs we found they had old bruin quartered on a leaning tree near the summit of Blue Ridge, as the Dr. called it. He proposed that we all fire at once to prevent a dispute over who killed him. They agreed to this and we fired simultaneous, but did not get the game. The bear came down the tree and a fierce fight ensued between him and the dogs. Finally the Dr. got a shot at the bear, and he ceased to annoy the dogs. We only desired the hams, hence it was only a small job to dismantle the animal and disconnect those parts wanted. A good night's rest gave us a relish for breakfast, after which we received directions for our next movements. It was 40 miles to old Father Avaunt's, the next or nearest Union man. Dr. Allen outlined the country carefully, gave us a written recommendation, and supplied us with two days rations. We then took leave of the family, whose kindness will ever be remembered by the little 'band of four'. We made good headway the first day without having met anyone. At night we built a fire by which we lay until morning. We felt sure that we would reach Avaunt's by evening. Late in the evening we crossed a foot log which Allen had mentioned as being near the Avaunt residence. We were met at the door by Mr. Avaunt to whom we briefly stated our purpose there, to which he replied, 'all right, come in, supper is ready.' The kitchen reminded us of home; there were about 12 or 15 women who had come to take supper. Our minds recurred to the wool pickings in old Hoosier Land, We enjoyed our supper first rate, for it was the best we had had for long months. After supper we were told to go to the woods, as it would not be safe for us to remain at the house, since the rebels were liable to come in at any time. He said he would send our breakfast to us and have us go to a safer place to remain until next evening, by which

time he would have us two guides in the persons of Ezekial Golden and Thomas Bledsaw, who had been acting as Union scouts for some time, and who were well acquainted in the country between there and Little Rock. Only 60 miles lay between us and the federal lines. We spent a pleasant night, for we had been well supplied with blankets, which kept off the cold of November. We were awakened at early dawn by Father Avaunt with "good morning boys, how did you spend the night? I have brought your breakfast". He then told us that his two daughters would accompany us to a new situation farther from the house, and would bring us our dinner and inform us of what arrangements he had made. We went about two miles into the woods, and were left with orders not to move about until they returned with our dinners and some other persons. We spent the forenoon in trying to unfold the mysteries of the future. About noon dinner was furnished us by the Misses Avaunt, who were accompanied by four other ladies who had come to see us and bring us some clothes and shoes, which were thankfully received, for we were not much better for clothing than Adam was after his marriage with Eve. The ladies informed us that Golden and Bledsaw would be there by 2 o'clock and would approach us by themselves. For us to have no fear, for they would take us through in safety. They related many blood curdling incidents that had occurred in their neighborhood. While exchanging thoughts, Miss Avaunt remarked that Major Reed had lain in concealment two weeks in the same grove in which we were then conversing. On investigation we found that he was the same brave Major who had made so many unsuccessful attempts to escape from Camp Ford, he having escaped from the stockade four times, only to be chased down by the bloodhounds, and to be brought back to endure the severe punishment incident on such occasions.

On being brought back the first time he was compelled to stand on a barrel without shoes or hat, food or drink, in the scorching sun, from morning until night. He endured his punishment without a murmur, but was no sooner released than he was planing for another trial for liberty. The fifth time he succeeded in deluding the dogs, and after weeks of hardship and privation reached the Avaunt residence, sick and destitute. It being unsafe to remain at the house he was taken to the thicket, where he remained for two weeks in charge of the Avaunt family. One of the girls said that either she or her sister were with him until he was able to travel. After some time passed in conversation they bade us a long and lasting farewell. About 4 o'clock we saw two men approaching on horse back, each carrying a rifle and a pair of revolvers. Within a short distance of us they halted and asked our business, but after some jesting they made themselves known, and said that Father Avaunt had requested them to call on us, and that they were now at our service, ready to render any service in their power. We told them that we desired them to pilot us to Little Rock, to which they replied that they would try, and that if necessary they could do a little shooting. They informed us that the route would lay principally through the woods. They said that they would escort us as though we were prisoners, one of them riding in front and the other in the rear, and if we were encountered by the rebels, and they were compelled to surrender us, we were Confederate soldiers, whom they were taking to the federal lines. We were also told to impress our captors, if we were taken prisoners, that we were from Missouri, saying that we would be well treated. We started on our march about 6 o'clock, and just at 12 our guards halted on an eminence near where Golden said he used to live and where his wife still holds forth. He told us to remain here

until he signalled his wife. He disappeared in the darkness and within a few minutes we heard him hoot three times like an owl. This was his way of rousing his wife. She responded to his call, after which he returned to us and said that Mrs. Golden would soon be there with our suppers. While we were eating Golden gave us an account of a tragedy which occurred in which his life was placed in a balance. I shall give it as nearly as I remember the way he gave it:

"I was always a Union man, and wanted to get along without any trouble. Having been frequently threatened, I remained at home as long as I deemed it prudent, and finally took to the woods, as a last resort. One night, last winter, the weather being extremely disagreeable, I ventured home hoping to remain with my family undisturbed. I had only come to the conclusion that I would have a night's rest when the house was surrounded by armed men who asked me to surrender. I informed them that I would defend myself and family at all hazards, but that I wanted to avoid bloodshed if possible. They replied that they would have me dead or alive, so I opened fire on them and the battle raged in earnest. My wife had our little babe in her arms. A ball from some rebel gun killed the little darling and struck her in the breast. When I saw what they had done I determined to sell my life as dearly as possible and killed five of them and succeeded in holding the fort. The dead were left in my yard, and when I viewed their lifeless forms I knew them all—my neighbors. Fortunately my wife received only a flesh wound. We buried our baby. The next day the families of the dead Rebels came and took charge of their bodies. Since that time I have been on the scout, and I see my wife only occasionally. When supper was finished, Mrs. Golden took leave of us, and we resumed our journey. Just at day-break we

reached Bledsaw's where we ate breakfast, while he and Golden stood guard. When we had finished eating we took their places while they ate. We then resumed our journey. We pushed forward as rapidly as possible, and at noon when we stopped to eat our lunch, Golden informed us that we had just 15 miles before us, and that we could reach our destination that afternoon. It was just at twilight when we beheld the old flag, for which so many of the boys had lost their lives on the bloody sands of that battle field. We gazed upon it earnestly although our eyes were dimmed with tears of thankfulness. Our hearts leaped for joy, and at the same time silent supplications were breathed forth to that Omnipotent Hand that had ruled our journey. No poet's pen or painter's brush, much less the uncertain mind of man, could do justice to the feelings of the little "Band of Four" as they gazed upon "Old Glory," her stars and stripes unfurled over Fort Steele.

Once in the presence of the outer pickets we were soon ushered before General Steele, at his headquarters. He received us with hospitality and immediately gave us an order to the commissary, where all our wants were supplied. Having donned new clothing, we spent two days with Golden and Bledsaw, after which we bade them farewell, sent word to the Berry boys of their mother's condition, and started for Indianapolis, which place we reached the 12th of December. Here we found the survivors of the 43d and were glad to grasp the hand of those from whom we had been parted so many dreary months. After a few days with the boys we obtained permission to visit our friends at home. Now that the clash and clamor of battle was over, the shrill note of the clarion of war no longer to be heard floating out on the midnight air, calling the weary soldier from his slumber—calling him into battle array—to face the winged messenger of Death—the Dove of Peace, as well as

the Eagle of Victory, having perched upon our Country's standard, we, with thousands of others, were honorably discharged, and permitted to return to our homes. At the time of my discharge I was suffering from sore eyes, contracted while in the U. S. service by exposure, incident to camp and prison life. I was after that time left in total blindness, but, went to Cincinnati and was under the care of the best physicians, where my eyes were a little improved, but I despaired of ever having them fully restored. In 1865 I made application for pension which was allowed. I continued to draw my pension until 1877 when I was reported to the Commissioner of Pensions as a fraudulent pensioner. Just here let me say a few words about the whys connected with the reporting of my case, and pass in brief review before the eyes of the public, the blackness of that dark, atrociously villainous act. If the darkness of the lives and characters of those persons who reported my case to the department be compared to the darkness which prevailed in the land of Judea at the time of the crucifixion of Christ, the darkness of that occasion would shine as the noonday sun.

When the tocsin of war was sounded throughout this country, calling for volunteers to aid in striking down the hydra-headed serpent, rebellion, that was entwining itself around the body politic of the Nation, those same villainous scoundrels, dastardly like, scringed and shivered before the blast of Civil War, crouched and cowered like menials, hundreds of miles from the scenes where two mighty armies were swaying to and fro like the surging waves of the driving deep. If these would be child robbers, who attempted to rob my companion and children of their bread by trying to take from me the pension, which was bought with my eyesight, while in defense of their homes as well as the homes of others, were tremulously suspended in the

balance of Civil War, I suppose they would act upon the principle that distance lends enchantment to the scenes of battle. If the love of the Infinite Father was applied to such characters as a lever, with Heaven for a fulcrum, it would take untold myriads of years to raise them to the level of convicted felons. Yet these very same would-be robbers at heart have called on me, in late years, for favors, and have received the same. But the whys of the reporting. When those parties above mentioned found that they did not own us, no, not the minutest atom of our physical structure, they were then ready to ask permission of a government official to file an affidavit against us, the contents of which they well knew to be as false as fiction itself. Yes, they dared to insult High Heaven by the dark loathsome act of perjury. Yea, when we dared to assert our manhood, by voting and thinking as we pleased, and would not meekly come under the political yoke; when they as taskmasters threatened us with the lash of party requirements, then they sought to do us injury by stopping our pension; and not only *that*, but they attempted to slander myself and family by false swearing. The government sent a special agent to sift the matter and determine the *facts*. My heart-felt gratitude is here expressed to the noble, warm hearted men who were my comrades in arms, for the manner in which they so fully sustained and vindicated me in the dark hours when the modern Benedict Arnold, and Judas Iscariot were seeking not only to impoverish and reduce to a state of indigence the condition of my companions and little girls, but to defame and slander them through the medium of willfull and sworn perjury. My case went through the government crucible of investigation and came out all the better of having been thoroughly investigated.

In conclusion; will say so far as known there are 12 of the

original 101 of Co. G, 43d Ind. now living. All the rest have gone to the eternal camping ground. Now boys, "Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes, and three for our beloved commander, William E. McLean."

JOHN COLEMAN MOSS,
Late Sergeant Company G, 43d Indiana.

CONTRIBUTION TO THE HISTORY OF THE 43D
REGIMENT, FROM THE PEN OF HON. JAMES
C. GILMORE, FORMERLY PRIVATE OF
COMPANY "H." SINCE THE WAR A
PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE
OHIO BAR; FOR SOME YEARS
JUDGE OF THE DARKE
COUNTY CIRCUIT
COURT.

IN pursuance to the urgent request of the compiler of this volume, Judge Gilmore has been induced to make the following contribution to this history, which we feel will be highly appreciated by every survivor of the old 43d. In a private letter, Judge Gilmore says, "that since the war although he has not succeeded in accumulating much money, he *has* succeeded in accumulating a large family of children⁶ and grand-children." "Long live Jim

Gilmore," we feel will be the hearty greeting of every old Forty-Third.

REMINISCENCES, INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

INTRODUCTION.

IN responding to the request of Col. William E. McLean to contribute something to his forthcoming history of the Forty-Third Regiment Indiana Volunteer Infantry, I have simply jotted down from memory alone, some of the interesting and amusing things I saw, heard, and knew, during the three years I was connected with the Regiment.

In so far as my contribution may tend toward being "historical", I make no pretense of accuracy in dates, nor in the chronological order of incidents or events referred to. For a history of the 43d, and the part it played in the war of the Rebellion, I refer the reader to the more serious portion of the book. If I succeed in entertaining and interesting a few of my surviving comrades, for but a brief time, and cause them to recall some of the pleasant hours we spent together as members of the Forty-Third, I will have accomplished all I have reason to hope for or expect.

The transferring of some of my recollections from memory to paper, has been, with me, a labor of love. I delight in recalling and revelling in the happy memories and fond remembrances that cluster around every camping ground of our old regiment, as they are fixed in my mind.

It is true, that many sad and distressing scenes come unbidden within our mental vision, to prevent our pleasure from being unalloyed; but even these sad scenes have been deprived largely of their distressing features by the lapse of time, and we can look back and think of them, with a degree of pleasure, when we reflect upon the patience with which sufferings were endured, and the sympathy aroused

in the breasts of the soldier boys for their stricken comrades, manifested by the touching tenderness with which the roughest of the soldiers ministered to the wants of the afflicted ones.

On these sad pictures I have dwelt but slightly, leaving them for a more skillful writer to portray, and confining myself chiefly to such incidents as bring out the wit and humor of the soldier, as well as his reckless disregard for the moral precepts taught him in his youth.

I do not mean to say that soldiers, as a rule, were more immoral or less honest than at home ; but the restraints of home influences being removed, the younger soldiers were "prone to wander", and to reconcile their consciences to the doing of things they never would have done at home. They were encouraged in this direction by the fact that conduct on the part of soldiers, that would have been condemned in any community as exceedingly reprehensible, was tolerated, overlooked, or winked at by officers and men. To their credit it may be said, that with comparatively few exceptions, the wildest and most reckless soldiers, when discharged from the army at the end of their term of enlistment, returned to their homes, settled down and once more became quiet, honest, law-abiding citizens, thereby showing that they regarded their army experiences as a sort of *hiatus* in their lives, during which they were not answerable to the laws of civilized communities ; but that whatever they might do as soldiers, like Rip Van-Winkle's frequent last libitations, "wouldn't count".

My observations in attending re-unions and other meetings of veterans, lead me to believe that they prefer to ignore the sufferings and hardships endured, and to recall those episodes in their army lives, that exhibit a characteristic disposition to emulate Mark Tapley, whose aim in life it was "*to be jolly*" under the most adverse circumstances.

OUR FIRST CAMP.

The first camp of the 43d, after leaving Camp Vigo, where the regiment was organized, was on the Ohio River, just below Evansville, Indiana. My recollection is that we remained there about ten days, and that it rained every day. The boys tried to keep the water out of their tents by digging a hole at the lower corner of each tent, on the outside, then digging ditches to run the water into the holes. These holes soon filled with water and were a constant menace to pedestrians. There was nothing doing in camp; and about the only amusement one could indulge in, was to retire early and while lying in one's comfortable bunk, listen for belated soldiers to tumble into these watery man traps. The varied expressions of disgust, and lurid oaths coming from the unfortunate ones, mingled with the hilarity of their companions, who were better posted on the topography of the camp, served to break the monotony of an otherwise "tedious and tasteless" camp life.

SPOTTSVILLE.

From Evansville we took boats and went up Green River, Ky., making our first stop at Spottsville, where we went into camp and remained some time, guarding the locks located at that point, as we understood it; to prevent their destruction by wandering bands of Confederates.

The camp at Spottsville stands out in my memory as the muddiest spot the 43d ever wallowed in, and no one regretted leaving it. We spent Christmas there; and there our venerable Col. Steele left us and returned to Indiana, and Col. Wm. E. McLean took command.

CALHOUN.

From Spottsville we continued up the river to Calhoun, where we again pitched tents and remained some time. I

had not then, and have not now, the most remote idea why we stopped at Calhoun. Indeed, I have little idea of the purpose of the Green River campaign, unless it was that some Union troops expected trouble in the vicinity of Bowling Green, and it was supposed that our presence in the State would give those troops "back bone." It is to be hoped that it did, for we certainly gave them aid in no other way.

SOUTH CARROLLTON.

At Calhoun we crossed Green River on a pontoon bridge and marched up the river to South Carrollton, where we remained about two weeks.

OUR FIRST LINE OF BATTLE.

While in camp at this place an exciting incident occurred. One day our pickets were supposed to have been driven in by the enemy. At any rate they came in and great excitement prevailed in camp, as it broke upon the minds of officers and men that we were face to face with real war. The "long drum" was beaten, the bugle call was sounded, and the 43d quickly formed its first line of battle in actual service, with Col. McLean at its head. The regiment was kept in line for some time awaiting reports from the picket line; and I shall never forget the look of disgust that overspread the countenance of our genial Colonel, as he announced to his men: "It is a false alarm".

WILL GROGAN'S MARCHING ORDERS.

Every member of the 43d remembers Will Grogan, our regimental bugler, and his droll humor. Will and I were fortunate in getting acquainted with a family consisting of an old woman, two daughters and a young son, who lived

in a small frame house that stood on the bluff of the river, only a short distance from our camp. They were bright, intelligent people, who had evidently seen better days. Grogan soon got into the good graces of the women; and an arrangement was made under which we furnished flour, coffee, etc., and the women furnished such articles of food as they had, and we messed together, including a contractor, who furnished beef for the troops, and who boarded with the family, and provided fresh beef for the mess as his part of the arrangement, to say nothing of a large demijohn he kept under his bed, and the contents of which, through connivance with the girls, Grogan and I frequently sampled. The contributions of the women to the stock of provisions were very meager, but any shortage in that respect was more than balanced by their skill in the preparation of the grub. Their biscuits and pan-cakes were such as "mother used to make", and we were satisfied with the arrangement. All this is preliminary to what I started out to relate.

I was sitting in the parlör one evening conversing with our contractor and the family, when hurried steps and the rattling of accoutrements were heard on the porch, and in rushed Grogan. He had his bugle, knap-sack, haversack, canteen and gun strapped about him, and had evidently recently sampled the contents of the demijohn, or some other receptacle for contraband goods. His eyes were fairly snapping, and I saw that something out of the ordinary had occurred.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Hurry up", said Grogan, "The devil's to pay. We have orders to strike tents and be ready to move forthwith. Your tent is down. Hurry up and pack your traps, or you'll be left."

"Why, Mr. Grogan!" exclaimed the old lady, "where in the world are you going?"

It probably occurred to Grogan that it would not be proper to disclose to a rebel family what our orders were, even if he knew, (which I very much doubt,) and with a peculiarly droll, but exceedingly wise expression of countenance, he looked at his questioner as he answered:

"By Heavens! Madam, *we have orders to march in every direction.*"

I never met Col. Wm. Farrow, after the war, but that I had to repeat this story.

DOWN THE RIVER.

Notwithstanding Grogan's explicit declaration as to our movements, we did not, in fact, march at all; but took to boats, and wended our way down Green River to the Ohio, and down the Ohio to Cairo, where we made our first stop, but did not go into camp.

The town, particularly about the landing, was all bustle and confusion. Boats were being loaded with men, provisions, camp equipage, ammunition, horses, mules, and all the paraphernalia of a moving army. We supposed we were to be sent up the Tennessee River; but when our boat backed out from shore we soon found that our destination was up the Mississippi. Our river voyage was short, as we disembarked at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and marched down through the country to New Madrid, on the river below Island No. 10. This island had been fortified by the Confederates, and was being bombarded; and was abandoned while we were on that march, its garrison escaping down the river.

NEW MADRID.

New Madrid was still occupied by some Confederate troops when we went into camp in sight of the town, but they made no defense.

I remember standing near the quarters of Col. Fitch, who I think was then in command of our brigade, when a gray headed old corporal from his regiment ran up, almost breathless, to the Colonel's tent and yelled out:

"Colonel, they say the Rebs are 'vacuating the town. Hadn't I better take a squad and go down?"

Whether the corporal got his squad and "went down," I don't know, but the town was "'vacuated" very soon.

RUDDLE'S POINT.

We remained at New Madrid but a short time, and moved a few miles down the river to Ruddle's Point, Mo., across the river from Tiptonville, Tenn. We went into camp in a corn field, the only piece of ground I ever saw that could be compared with Spottsville for mud. Here Gen. Pope, who had just forced the evacuation of Island No. 10, took command of all the troops; and very soon our regiment was ordered to move its camp into a nearby meadow.

"WHAT REGIMENT IS THAT?"

In moving to the new camp, the men marched through a gap in a fence; and near this opening Gen. Pope sat upon his horse looking at the men as they passed through. The 43d, up to that time, had not drawn a stitch of clothing after leaving Camp Vigo, nor had we received a cent of pay, and it may be imagined that the boys presented anything but a soldierly appearance. They were both ragged and dirty. After two or three companies had passed, Gen. Pope cast his eyes along the line, and inquired in a loud voice: "What regiment is that?"

The question was not addressed to any one in particular, and no one answered for a moment, which gave a little fellow, who will be recognized if I call him "Jim," an opportunity to answer for the regiment, which he did in a voice more penetrating, if not so loud as that of the General:

"This is the bare-legged, dirty-faced, never paid Forty-third, By G—."

The answer brought forth cheers and shouts of laughter all along the line, and even the General smiled as he turned his horse and rode away. Nothing more was said, but I have always thought that Jim's impudent answer had something to do with an issue of clothing that occurred not long afterward.

SMALL POX.

We had a small pox fright while in this camp. Two cases of illness in another regiment were diagnosed as small pox, and quite an excitement prevailed for a few days. A pest tent was erected some distance from camp, and the cases were at once isolated. Two soldiers who had had the disease, and were therefore "immune," were detailed to take care of the patients. One night a colored dance was reported to be in progress on a neighboring plantation, and the nurses deserted their patients to attend the dance. A storm came up and blew down the tent, leaving the sick men exposed to the elements until the nurses returned. The men recovered but were severely marked. So far as I remember no other cases occurred, and the "scare" subsided; but the treatment is not recommended as a specific.

"FROSTY" AND "BILLY."

While at Ruddle's Point, some of our men were sent across the river to Tiptonville; and I believe a picket line

was maintained on the Tennessee side. Considerable foraging and raiding was indulged in; and on one occasion a skirmish occurred, in which our men captured a horse owned by Jeff Thompson, a rebel officer. The horse in some way came into the possession of our Quarter-Master. We had no means of knowing his former name; but his color suggested a frosty morning, and we called him "Frosty." He proved to be an excellent saddle-horse; and, at Helena, I had the pleasure of making many a trip between Helena and our camp on the back of "Frosty." I mention him because he was a sort of pet in the regiment; and many of the old boys will remember "Frosty," as well as another equine favorite, "Billy," a diminutive specimen of horseflesh, owned and frequently rode by Col. McLean, and known to every man in the regiment.

No history of the 43d would be complete that does not mention "Frosty and "Billy."

MOORE'S LANDING.

I don't remember how long we were at Ruddle's Point; but we took boats there and steamed down the river to Moore's Landing, Arkansas, probably two miles above Fort Pillow, near a little village called Osceola.

It is scarcely true to say we landed here, as I don't remember seeing any land except a levee that extended for miles up and down the river, and a few bits of elevated ground that escaped inundation. Our boats were tied up to the levee; and, except necessary pickets and guards, most of the men were confined to the boats and the levee during the seven or eight weeks we remained there. The whole river bottom was practically under water, and a more desolate spot for a rendezvous could scarcely have been selected. Our objective point was Fort Pillow, which was located two or three miles below, where the river made a

sharp horse-shoe bend, the Fort standing upon that part of the shoe that a steel toe would occupy on an actual horse-shoe. A point of timber extending down into the "frog" part of the shoe, intervened between the Fort and our transports, obstructing the view. About half way between our boats and the bend of the river, our mortar boats were located, and kept up a daily bombardment of the Fort.

A number of our gun-boats were lying out in the river, tied up to some little island or lazily floating at anchor. The Confederates had quite a number of gun-boats lying below the Fort, and occasionally one of these would stick its nose around the point and exchange a shot or two; but no serious conflict took place until about June 4, 1862, when the two gun fleets came together, between our transports and the bend mentioned; and we were favored, until the smoke obscured our view, with the privilege of looking at one of the liveliest gun-boat fights of the war. The contest lasted about an hour, during which time pandemonium reigned on the river, resulting in the demolition of the enemy's fleet, followed soon after by the abandonment of the Fort.

A STOLEN WHARF-BOAT.

I omitted to mention that after New Madrid was abandoned, one of our transports confiscated a large wharf-boat that was lying there, and towed it down the river. At Moore's Landing this wharf-boat was of great utility, in our cramped condition for room. It served as a Commissary and Quarter-Master's storehouse. It was used by officers and men as an exercise ground, laundry, guard-house, and a dozen other purposes; and it now seems as if we could scarcely have survived without the stolen wharf-boat.

PESTS GALORE.

One of the results of the high waters referred to was myriads of gnats of every species, known or unknown; and the most pestiferous pest of the lot was the "Buffalo Gnat." These ravenous little devils attacked our animals, crawling into their nostrils, ears, eyes, and every opening, actually killing the animal. The only protection was to lead the horse into water over his back, and then plaster the exposed parts with axle grease. Even this drastic treatment failed in many instances; and my recollection is that nearly all our horses were killed by buffalo gnats, or died from eating green cane.

We had started out with teams of fine Indiana horses; but when we replenished our stock of animals for transportation purposes we dealt exclusively in mules.

THE ARMY MULE.

Will full justice ever be done, and credit given that meek and lowly, but effective and indispensable aid to the soldiers, "the army mule?"

It may be true, as Josh Billings has said, that the mule is the contrariest animal in nature; that if you want a mule to stay in an orchard, you must turn him loose in an adjoining field and let him jump in, or he won't stay; that a mule will behave himself for six months to get an opportunity to kick a man just once. It is true that the mule has been made the butt of cruel jibes and jokes, and the victim of vilification and abuse; but it is none the less true, that without the mule the armies of the Union would have been helpless, and the despised army mule deserves our Country's gratitude and a place in our Country's history.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

While at Moore's Landing, Lt. Col. Major, Lt. Burley and myself, with three or four others whose names I don't recall, had a little adventure that might have proved disastrous to us.

The levee already mentioned, followed the river nearly down to the bend, then cut across the point, until it came near the river below the bend, and again followed down the river bank.

One afternoon the party mentioned took a large yawl belonging to our steamer, the George W. Graham, and going down the river past our Mortar boats, till we came to where the levee cut across, where we landed on the levee and walked along it until we were directly in front of Fort Pillow, of which we had a very fair view through the intervening timber and across the river. While we were there the Fort and our Mortar boats began exchanging their daily compliments in the shape of shells. We were almost in the line of the firing, and the shells from both sides passed over us accompanied by that peculiar and indescribable noise, with which we were all somewhat familiar. Having no business that detained us in that locality, and being urged by the premature explosion of a shell and the falling of its fragments in our immediate neighborhood, we concluded to retire. The river was booming, and a stiff breeze blowing up stream made the water very rough. We reached our yawl without trouble; but when we started up stream, hugging the Arkansas shore to avoid the current, we were suddenly aware of danger ahead. The firing of shells continued, and we could see, ahead of us, the splashing of the water caused by the falling of pieces of exploded shells; and these splashings were so close together that it was a ten to one shot that if we kept our course the bottom would be knocked out of our boat, and the captain of the George

W. Graham would lose his yawl. An impromptu council of war was held at once, and it was unanimously decided that we should not subject the Captain's yawl to the danger of being wrecked. We were equally unanimous in the belief, that it would be folly to attempt to stem the river current, and that our only chance to save the yawl was to cross the river and go up near the shore on the Tennessee side.

Half a mile above the Fort there was a small stream coming into the river. This stream was also on the "rampage" and was quite a river in itself. If we could strike the shore, (or rather the timber; for the bottom was flooded and there was no shore in sight), we would be safe; but if we drifted below the mouth of the stream, we would inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. We had two expert oarsmen, who, after considering the chances, concluded they could do the trick, and we started. We had not gone far until we wished ourselves back on the levee, but it was too late to go back. We found the current stronger and the water even rougher than we expected. The waves were rolling, not mountain high, but high enough to deluge our boat with water, and set those of us who could not row to bailing out water with tin cups or cans we fortunately found in the boat. We soon got out so far and drifted down stream so rapidly, that the point of timber below the levee no longer obstructed our view, and we could look right into the Fort, which stood on a bluff that sloped off up and down the river.

It looked to us that if they had seen fit they could have turned a gun upon us and blown us out of the water. I think that all that saved us from being fired upon, was the fact that they probably felt, as we did, that they would get us anyhow, as we were rapidly drifting toward them. We saw men leaving the Fort and starting up the river along

the bluff; and we knew they would be ready to receive us with open arms if we landed below the mouth of the stream mentioned. Our oarsmen were equal to the occasion. They literally "bent to their oars," and by almost super-human efforts they succeeded in getting into the timber above the mouth of the stream, and we were safe, though our troubles were not yet over.

We had expected to find comparatively still water along the edge of the timber; but there was quite a current there, and we were compelled to take to the woods; and, as the oars could not be used, the only way we could make progress was by pulling ourselves up stream by underbrush and trees for some distance. It was getting dusk when we entered the woods and soon grew quite dark. The next few hours are not pleasant to remember. I never was fully acquainted with the mosquito and his rapacity until that night. After a while, the wind having subsided, we were able to come out of the timber and row along its edge. I will not undertake to say how far we went up the river, but it seemed several miles. We could see the lights on the gun-boats and on our transports as we passed, but we still kept on. Our experience had taught us that in order to cross the river we needed abundance of lee-way. When we got so far above the lights of our boats that our oarsmen believed they could "make the riffle," we turned the bow of the yawl toward home, guided by the lights.

Except that we were hailed by a gun-boat, and required to go on board and explain ourselves, we arrived safely late at night. Our friends had grown quite uneasy, and were agreeably surprised at our coming. The Captain of the steamer was the happiest of all. We were told that he had spent the night in cursing his luck and bemoaning the loss of his yawl.

I regret not being able to give the names of the soldiers who served as oarsmen on the occasion of this adventure. To their heroic efforts I believe we owe our escape.

PAY DAY.

We received our first pay on board our boats at Moore's Landing. The paymaster had nothing less than one dollar bills, except three cent pieces; and every soldier took a lot of those diminutive coins. As nothing could be bought at Moore's Landing outside of the sutler's stand, the soldier had no other use for his money than to invest it in poker. The three cent pieces were used as chips, and a three cent piece was the usual ante. The men played so persistently that even at this small ante the specie soon began to gravitate to and settle in the possession of a few fortunate individuals, who could produce a hat-full of the coins if occasion offered for a good investment.

Poker playing served as an amusing past-time till the chips all disappeared, when it ceased to be a "fad" among the men; and the games were again confined to the "regulars," who played before pay day and continued to play during their term of service.

MEMPHIS.

Immediately after the abandonment of Fort Pillow, Commodore Davis proceeded with his gun-boats down the river to Memphis, where he had another lively fight and gained another signal victory. The way being cleared, we bid farewell to Moore's Landing, following the gun-boats to Memphis, and ours were the first Union troops to enter the place. Memphis was then a pretty town, and is now a beautiful and thriving city.

We went into camp east of the town and remained there for some weeks, though part of our regiment took part in an expedition down the river, an account of which is given elsewhere in this book.

HELENA.

From Memphis the 43d and several other regiments took boats and moved down the river to Helena, Arkansas. We made Helena our home for more than a year; but the regiment, or parts of it, took part in frequent expeditions both by land and water. On one occasion a fleet of twenty-five or thirty transports went up White River; of which expedition the 43d formed a part. We made a march to Clarendon on White River and back. We once went down the river to Friar's Point, and thence marched down through Mississippi, intending, as we understood it, to co-operate with troops about Vicksburg; but when we got as far as Coldwater the flooded condition of the country and high waters turned us back, and we returned to Helena. The Coldwater expedition was not a pleasant one. The roads were terrific and rations short. There were strict orders against foraging; and many were the tricks resorted to by the boys to avoid these orders and replenish their larders, one or two of which I will mention.

COMING IN UNDER GUARD.

If you kept your eyes open while on the march, you would see a soldier hand his gun to a comrade and drop out of the ranks. This would occur about the middle of the afternoon; and later you would see two soldiers drop out of the same company with their guns. If you followed up your investigations until the troops went into camp, you might see three soldiers approach the guard line. One of

these soldiers would probably be carrying a pig, a sheep, chickens, or some other article of food. You would at once recognize this soldier as the one who dropped out of the ranks without his gun: the other two would be seen to be the two soldiers who left the ranks of the same company with their guns. When halted at the guard line, the two with guns say they are guards who have captured a forager and are taking him to head-quarters. Of course they are permitted to pass the line with their prisoner. They wander about hunting head-quarters, until they find their own company quarters, when all three suddenly vanish from sight; and the savory odor of cooking fresh meat or poultry will soon be detected as coming from a point not far from where the guards and their prisoner disappeared.

CAPTURING HONEY.

One day while riding at the rear of the column, I saw a number of cavalry-men in the front yard of a rather pretentious residence, seeming to be having a lot of fun. Upon closer inspection, by a number of us, we found that a large piano had been brought from the house; and a cavalry-man was trying to make his horse play the instrument with his fore feet. While we were watching this uncalled for and forbidden piece of vandalism, there was a sudden commotion among the horsemen. It seemed that several hives of bees were located in the rear of the mansion, and the hives were simply sections of a hollow tree—a bee gum—. Some of the boys had found these bees and of course wanted the honey. Each grabbed a bee gum, put it on his shoulders and started around the house on a run, the bees streaming out behind and making a bee line for their old home. As the bee hunters ran right through a squad of cavalry-men, the effect may be imagined; such rearing, kicking, plung-

ing, squealing, cursing and swearing is seldom heard, while those who caused the trouble having ran till the hives were emptied of bees, quietly appropriated the honey at their leisure, without having received a single sting.

BUSH-WHACKERS.

While at Helena it was very difficult to prevent reckless risks being taken by the men to gratify their curiosity and love of adventure. Bushwhackers continually roamed about on the east side of the river in Mississippi, while we were there, and this was well known; and yet, despite the strictest orders, men would manage to cross over the river in dug-outs, canoes or skiffs for the purpose of foraging in Mississippi. I saw several of our own boys brought back to camp dead: shot by bush-whackers. It was a sad thing to look upon the face of these dead comrades knowing that they were the victims of their own recklessness. One of the most painful duties that devolved upon me at Helena, was to write a letter to the mother of Johnny R——, who lived in Greencastle, notifying her of the death of her son; but withholding the fact that he was murdered while disobeying orders.

REGIMENTAL CHARACTERS.

Every regiment doubtless had its "characters," who were looked upon as necessary adjuncts, and who were expected, in various ways, to provide the regiment with more or less diversion and amusement; and the 43d was not without its characters. I have already mentioned Will Grogan, our bugler, always ready for duty and a never failing source from which could be drawn droll wit and humor at pleasure. Among those I recall as being one of our characters, is

SAM DEVORE.

Sam was not particularly distinguished as a soldier. He had been a tailor at home; and, by common consent, had been installed as a sort of regimental tailor whose duty it was to repair clothing, sew on buttons, etc. He had his shop in a special tent; and took great delight in dispensing bits of quaint philosophy to visitors and patrons.

I remember on one occasion when several officers were about to start home on "leave," Sam called me into his tent to say:

"Jim, if I had known that officers could go home whenever they pleased, d——d if I wouldn't have been one."

At another time Sam disclosed to me the secret of how to avoid being injured by bomb shells.

"Just watch till you see one strike the ground," said Sam, "then go and sit down in the hole it makes and you're safe. The d——d things never strike twice in the same place."

I have never heard of Sam "since the war," but hope he may be living and doing well.

DRESSING UP RIGHT.

I have heretofore mentioned Jim ———, as having given General Pope valuable information as to the 43d at Ruddle's Point. He was another one of our characters.

Jim was noted for his utter aversion to soap and water, and his general slovenliness. He was on duty one day in front of Gen. Gorman's headquarters. As usual his shoes were muddy, his hair uncombed, face dirty, clothing ill-fitting and wrinkled, as if they had fallen on him and stuck. While Jim was walking back and forth on his beat the General came out. Jim was not lacking in his knowledge of a soldier's duties, and he promptly assumed the proper

position and gave the proper salute. The General, in returning the salute, looked at Jim from head to foot, then stepping in front of him a colloquy occurred something like this.

Gen. "What regiment do you belong to?"

Jim. "The Forty-third Indiana."

Gen. "Why don't you blacken those shoes?"

Jim. "I hain't got no blackin'."

Gen. "Why don't you buy blacking?"

Jim. "I hain't got any money."

The General seemed to accept this as a sufficient excuse; and, reaching in his vest pocket, he took out a ten cent "shin-plaster," handed it to Jim, saying:

"Now sir, as soon as you are relieved go and get a box of blacking, borrow a brush, and black your shoes. Don't you come on duty again looking like that."

The general turned away.

"Thank you," says Jim, "but, say General, if you'll give me five cents more, I'll get one of these d——d paper collars, and dress up right."

The General made no reply, but handed Jim the required amount and walked on. When Jim next appeared in front of headquarters, his cleanliness created a sensation among his comrades, and could not be accounted for by them. This truthful statement will explain the mystery. I regret to say that Jim's reform in dress and cleanliness did not prove permanent.

ANOTHER SWEEP.

Bill G—— might be classed as a "character." As a punishment for going to town and remaining there indefinitely, without leave, his Captain had required William to sweep the entire quarters. A few days after the sweeping was done, I met Bill up town, enjoying himself. He asked

me as a favor, that when I returned to camp, I would call on "the old man" (the Captain), and tell him that he had concluded to remain in town another day and take another sweep. Which he did.

UNEXPECTED COMPÉTITION.

For a time, instead of having an established "canteen," where beer could be obtained, it was the custom for the officer in command of the regiment to designate one man, who was granted a permit to sell beer to his comrades for a specified time stated in the permit, and at the end of which time another was named for the same length of time, thus distributing the chance of making profit out of the privilege among the men. The franchise was regarded as a valuable one, and was much sought after.

On one occasion Joe M. was the licensed dispenser of the amber fluid; and, having procured a barrel of beer from a steamboat recently arrived, he set it up in the rear of his tent, tapped it and proceeded to business,, selling his beer at ten cents per glass. Along in the afternoon Joe waited upon a customer, who objected to paying the price, saying that he had just bought a glass at another establishment for five cents. Joe fired up at once, denying the statement, and offering to give the person making it five dollars if he would show him where beer could be obtained in that camp at five cents, or any other price, as he had the exclusive privilege. "Come with me," said the man; and he took Joe around the tent, where it was found that an enterprising individual had cut through the canvas and tapped the other end of the barrel, and was doing a thriving and profitable business selling Joe's beer at half price. Joe wilted and paid the five dollars, but that end of the beer saloon was suddenly and effectively closed.

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.

It must be conceded that in the absence of home restrictions many soldiers became somewhat lax in their morals ; and when they wanted money would resort to tricks and devices that were not taught to them in their Sunday-schools or family circles, to supply their wants. Coffee was a luxury that had become practically unknown in that part of the south, and there was nothing in the possession of the natives that would not be sacrificed in exchange for it. Rations of unground roasted coffee, of a good quality were issued to the soldiers almost daily. It may be here stated that, strange as it may appear, some of the inhabitants, even colored ones, had money, some gold, some silver, and occasionally "green-backs." The boys were not averse to pandering to their appetites for coffee in exchange for this money. So a company or "mess" would club together and pool their rations of coffee, which they would put in a camp kettle with water and boil till all the strength was boiled out of it ; then they would take out the grains of coffee and spread them upon a tent cloth to dry. While the "juice" thus extracted would be retained for home consumption, the dried coffee beans would be sold to eager citizens at a dollar per pound. Such violations of the code of good morals were winked at by officers and men alike, and the victims were without redress.

A TRANSACTION IN WHISKY.

While, as stated, men would resort to doubtful methods to obtain money, there were those who would go even farther to procure whisky, which they were not permitted to buy. At Helena a large frame ware-house had been erected for the storing of supplies received by boat. The building stood near the river bank and was placed on piles to

avoid high water, leaving an open space of three or four feet in height under the structure. When a boat loaded with supplies arrived men were detailed from the several regiments to assist in unloading and taking care of the goods. On one occasion the Commissary among other things, received several barrels of whisky, which were rolled into the warehouse and set on end. Subsequent events showed that at least one of the detail who assisted in unloading and storing that particular invoice of goods, was up to snuff and had taken some measurements that enabled him to locate those barrels from underneath the building; for on that night a hole was bored from below, through the floor, and into one of these barrels, and its entire contents were slowly transferred from the barrel to camp kettles, mess pans, and canteens, beneath the floor, and carried away.

The perpetrators of the theft were never discovered, and the affair was regarded as a joke on the Commissary, who probably squared his shortage by reporting the whisky as "captured."

"SEWED OR PEGGED."

While at Helena we received an invoice of shoes for distribution among the men, part of which were sewed and part pegged. The sewed shoes were a novelty; and opinions differed widely as to the relative merits of the two kinds of foot-wear, causing frequent heated discussions. Wherever the men got together one could hear the "sewed" or "pegged" adherents vociferously contending for the respective claims of superiority of their favorite shoe. This brings me to my story:

Jake D—— had been sick for some time; but instead of sending him to the hospital, his comrades had nursed him through to convalescence. One bright morning the boys

carried Jake out on his cot and placed him in the shade of a tree, and then went off on their various duties, leaving Jake to enjoy the refreshing air. Near the camp an old woman lived, who was in the habit of bringing pies, cakes and dough-nuts into camp for sale. On making her way through camp on this particular morning, the old woman passed near Jake's resting place. He was getting an appetite, and of course wanted to eat everything he ought not to eat. Seeing the old woman, whose wares he had frequently bought, he hailed her:

"Hello! Aunty. What have you got to-day?"

"Nice pies and cakes, just baked," said she.

"Are your pies sewed or pegged?," inquired Jake.

The boys who tested the consistency and tenacity of the old woman's pie crust, and remember it, will appreciate the aptness of the question.

THE CONTRABAND.

Our camps at Helena were over-run with "contrabands" of every shade of color and character, who flocked in from Mississippi and Arkansas plantations, anxious to do anything for the soldiers that would place them under the protection of the stars and stripes. Their usual ambition was to take care of horses, or cook and wash for officers and men; and many of them were employed in every regiment in one or the other of these capacities.

In some way or other I gained an unenviable reputation among the colored contingent as a letter writer, and I was constantly being appealed to by them to write letters for them to their friends at "de ole home." Some of the applicants would dictate their own communications; and, in many instances, when the letters were finished, there would be found running through them a vein of uncouth, homely pathos that was touching.

LOVE LETTERS.

Every youthful contraband seemed to have left behind him one or more sweet-hearts, and I was frequently called upon to place on paper the pent up love of these roaming Romeos for the dusky Juliets left behind. I never trifled with the feelings of the older contrabands by converting their seriously intended communications to their relatives, into burlesque; but when I sat down to write a love letter, it was different. The only instructions I would receive would be: "Make it hot;" and I was otherwise left "fancy free."

I remember one bright mulatto fellow named Ned, for whom I wrote several love letters. On one occasion, being in somewhat humorous mood and having abundance of time, I "spread myself" for Ned's benefit, and indulged in the "highfalutin'" style and produced something like this: "My own, dearest, dear Chloe:

"Your most exquisitely tender and superlatively affectionate epistle was handed me by your messenger at the earliest opportunity after his arrival in camp. I clasped the missive to my palpitating heart, after pressing it to my burning lips, and proceeded in haste to the gentleman in charge of our transportation, known in regimental archives as the "wagon master," who kindly consented to unfold to me the delicious contents of your afore mentioned epistle.

"Owing to a concatenation of unfortuitous circumstances, beyond my control, and on account of the sine functional indications of the pusindifemic timedex, now prevailing wherever the star spangled banner is wafted to the breeze, I have been unable to concentrate my thoughts sufficiently to be able to dictate to my amanuensis the sentiments of unmitigated love that are seething and rushing through my throbbing heart, until the present auspicious moment."

Imagine half a dozen pages of such nonsensical stuff,

closed with equally nonsensical doggerel, and you will have an idea of this letter. I have not given the portion remembered with any intention that it shall be used as a model, but only that the sequel may be better understood. Ned, as did all my patrons, insisted on having the letter stamped, though there was no post office within fifty miles of its destination—a plantation over in Mississippi. I have often wondered how these contrabands managed to communicate with their friends. I know they did so constantly, but I never knew how it was done. Well, Ned took his letter, duly stamped with an old cancelled postage stamp I hunted up, and I heard no more from him for two or three weeks. One day Ned came in with a smile on his countenance, with his hat in his hand, bowing and scraping with great politeness. I enquired what he wanted.

“Massa Jeems,” said Ned, “I jist wants you to write dat gal one more letter. One more’ll fetch her suah. De folks ober dah neber seed sich a letter as dat. Fore God, dey had to send six mile to git a man to read dat letter.”

I wrote the desired letter, but whether it “fetched her” or not, I never learned.

I spent a good deal of time writing letters for the poor contrabands; but I was amply repaid by the manifest pleasure and gratitude with which the favors were received, to say nothing of the fun derived from it.

BOARD OF SURVEY.

It is provided in the army regulations, that if a Commissary finds that any rations on hands are not, for any reason, up to the standard, he shall call a Board of Survey, consisting, I believe, of three officers, who shall examine the damaged article, fix the per cent. of damage, and condemn it to that extent.

Our Commissary had on hand a lot of bacon that was

complained of; and a Board of Survey was called, that condemned the bacon to the extent of fifty per cent. The result was an issue of double rations of bacon. The absurdity of the proceeding was expressed by one of the boys. "That's a h-ll of an idea," said he, "because the bacon is spoiled, they make us eat twice as much of it."

My recollection is that the report of the Board of Survey was amended, and the bacon was sold for soap grease.

A SPELLING LESSON.

One of our Captains, who was an excellent officer, was, like many good officers and soldiers, a little "off" on orthography. One day Will G——, already mentioned, was sitting in front of this Captain's head-quarters, when the Captain, who was engaged in making out a requisition for clothing inside, came to the door and seeing Will there said :

"William, how do you spell socks?"

"Captain," said Will, straightening himself up, "Socks is a word of two syllables. Yow spell it, s-o-c-k, sock, -s, socks."

The information was satisfactory. The Captain retired and William resumed his seat.

FRESH BACON.

We usually received bacon in large hogsheads or tierces, weighing from six hundred pounds to twelve hundred pounds. This bacon was packed by a man whose initials were B. C., and on one end of each hogshead was stamped its weight, followed by the initials of the packer.

On one occasion a Sergeant came to the Commissary with a detail of men to get his company's rations of bacon. There were several hogsheads in stock, and the person in

charge told the men to open one of them. The men commenced to open one marked "1145 B. C."

"Hold on," said the Sergeant, "Don't open that. That was packed 1145 years before Christ. Here, open this one. It was packed only 736 B. C. We want bacon as fresh as we can get it."

"JOE BOWERS."

There was one man in the 43d, who was enlisted as Joseph Brown. Joe was never found wanting in his duties as a soldier, and never refused to do his full share in the way of entertaining others. He had a splendid voice and an inexhaustible *repertoire* of songs. One of his favorites, and the one most called for by his audience, was "Joe Bowers", of which I can yet repeat the first verse:

"My name it is Joe Bowers,
I have a brother Ike.
I'm just from old Missouri,
And all the way from Pike.
I'll tell you why I left there,
And how I came to roam,
And leave my poor old mother,
So far away from home."

The song proceeded to tell how Joe left home at the instance of his sweetheart, "Sallie Black", to seek a fortune that would enable him to get "a little home to keep his little wife." How he landed in California dead broke, but managed to get together "his shovels and his picks," and "went down among the boulders just like a thousand bricks" There was a red headed butcher back in Missouri, who was somewhat stuck on Sallie; and recollections of that butcher gave Joe a great deal of uneasiness. Finally, Joe's troubles culminated in the reception of a letter from his "dear brother Ike," which, after giving the family and neighborhood news, conveyed to Joe the "heart-rend-

ing" intelligence that "Sallie had a baby, and the baby's hair was red." This ending of Joe's love dream appealed to the sympathetic hearts of his hearers in such a way that the singer was applauded to the echo, and he would be compelled to respond to several *encores*. Indeed, such was the popularity of the song, that its name was given to Joe ; and he was known through all the neighboring camps as "Joe Bowers," and his own name was buried in oblivion.

I would give a day's rations to hear Joe sing "*Joe Bowers*," "*God Bless the Brave*," or any one of a dozen of his songs that I have often listened to with delight.

Joe was not the only vocalist in our camp. There were a number of them; and many a home-sick soldier has been cheered up and cured of the blues by the songs of his comrades.

CAMP AMUSEMENTS..

Athletic games were not so common among the soldiers as one would expect. Occasional bouts of wrestling, sparring, jumping and tumbling occurred. Scrub horse racing was indulged in to some extent, but these were chiefly confined to Cavalry regiments, and were not popular with the Infantry. Chess and social games of cards for amusement alone were common; but, to a great extent, camp amusements ran in the direction of games of chance with cards or dice; and some of these were exceedingly lively, as a soldier inclined to be "sporty" objected to a "limit," and would usually back his judgment on his choice of numbers in a game of chuck-a-luck, or the value of his hand in a game of poker, to the extent of his "pile." Impromptu concerts, dances, minstrel shows, etc., were frequent; and once in a while, when every other source of amusement had been exhausted, some cheerful idiot would propose a "stag" dance. Every regiment had abundance of fiddling

talent, and one or more of these artists would be drafted into service. It is a compliment to the intelligence of soldiers to say that a stag dance rarely lasted beyond one cotillion; for, of all the cold, cheerless, lifeless, senseless, insane excuses for amusement, the stag dance stands in the front rank.

SALOMON AND METHUSALEH.

There are but few members of the 43d who do not remember Col. James Slack, of the 47th Ind. The officers of our regiment were on particularly intimate terms with Col. Slack, who was a jolly, whole-souled fellow, exceedingly fond of pranks and practical jokes, which he was constantly playing on every one with whom he came in contact; and our officers were always on their guard when he was present.

Some time in 1863, General Salomon, of Wisconsin, came down the river and took command of the troops there, including the 43d. There was a marked personal resemblance between Gen. Salomon and Col. Slack, calculated to deceive any one not familiarly acquainted with both.

The coming of the new commanding officer was unknown to our regiment; and on the Sunday evening following his arrival I was sitting in front of the regimental headquarters. It was a beautiful evening, and the officers and men were nearly all enjoying themselves on the river bank. Col. McLean was absent and Col. Major was inside his tent. It was growing dusk when I heard the clatter of hoofs and rattle of sabers; and up rode Gen. Salomon and his body-guard. I thought at first it was Col. Slack; but I couldn't account for so much style, and when he spoke and enquired for Col. McLean, I saw my mistake. By this time Col. Major had heard the racket and came out.

Salutes were exchanged as Col. Major appeared and approached the General with outstretched hand.

"My name is Salomon," said the General with a pronounced German accent.

Col. Major, assuming at once that Col. Slack was running some joke on him, replied:

"Well, suppose it is. My name's *Methusaleh*'".

He then saw his mistake. Explanations and apologies followed. The General had the good sense to see the joke and enjoy it; but no one got half as much fun out of the incident as did Col. Slack when he heard it.

AN ACROBATIC MULE.

I have spoken of the troops at Helena making various expeditions in different directions from there. On one of these we went to Clarendon, on White River. The troops were in light marching orders, and that means no transportation except a few ambulances. Even surgeons had their medicines and supplies packed in paniers and strapped across a mule's back. One day I noticed a boy leading a mule upon which was a panier belonging to the surgeon of the regiment immediately in front of us. The mule was afflicted with sore shoulders, and the Chaplain of the regiment, in the kindness of his heart, was taking a great interest in seeing that the boy did not permit the paniers to slip forward on to the mule's sore shoulders.

"Look out there, Joseph!" he would say, "don't let the straps slip forward to hurt the mule, look out."

This and similar warnings were repeated so often that it attracted the attention of the stragglers who had dropped from the ranks and were trudging along in the rear, who got to guying the boy.

"Look out there, Joseph!" they would call out, "Don't let the saddle-bags slip over his fore legs."

Joseph was equal to the occasion, and gave the boys as good as they sent.

"Never mind, boys," Joe would say, "If they do get past his fore legs his ears will stop 'em."

This badgering by the Chaplain, who was in dead earnest, and bantering of the men, who were only having their fun with Joe, who enjoyed it, was kept up for hours. Finally we came to an old mill race, over which there had been a rough bridge, which the pioneer corps had torn away and made a cut in the bank on either side of the race, to enable the artillery and ambulances to cross. Just below the cut a scantling about four inches square, from the old saw mill near by, had been placed across the race; and the men, instead of walking down through the newly cut road, would keep up on the bank and walk over on the scantling. When Joseph and his mule reached this point he started the mule down through the cut; but he kept up on the bank and started to walk the scantling, not knowing that the mule had climbed up the bank and was at his heels. The Chaplain saw him, and cried out in great excitement:

"Joseph, stop! Don't do that! That mule can't cross there. He will fall and smash the paniers. Stop! Joseph! Stop! That mule can't walk that scantling."

All this was said very rapidly; but Joseph had walked across, and the mule without hesitation had followed him; and, just as the Chaplain finished his exclamatory speech, the mule stepped safely off on the other side. Joe looked back at the Chaplain with a countenance upon which was depicted scorn, disgust, mirth, and half a dozen other emotions, as he yelled out in exultation:

"The hell he can't".

This may not be funny to read, but it is indelibly stamped upon my memory as one of the most ludicrous incidents of "the days when we went soldiering."

RETALIATION.

When we arrived at Clarendon, on the expedition just referred to, it was a hot afternoon; and we had scarcely gone into camp on the bank of White river, until the river was full of nude soldiers enjoying its cool waters. From the woods on the other side of the stream several shots were fired, and the water was sprinkled with shot. Fortunately, so far as I remember, no one was seriously hurt; but there was a fearful scramble for the shore. Our howitzers were unlimbered and the woods were shelled, without results so far as known; but the residents of Clarendon paid dearly for the acts of their bushwhacking friends who fired the shots.

It was the only time I ever saw the 43d engage in ransacking a town. Furniture of every description was brought into camp. Mahogany bedsteads with canopy tops, lounges, sofas, rocking chairs, large plate glass mirrors, dining tables, dishes, and many other articles were there. These luxuries were enjoyed one night, and split up and used in cooking breakfasts next morning.

Whether these acts of so-called vandalism were justified, by the wantonly murderous firing upon a lot of unarmed, naked soldiers the evening before, is a question I leave to the reader to decide.

I have called it "Retaliation".

ARMY FEUDS.

It was very seldom that angry strifes arose among members of the 43d. As a rule the men were good natured and easily controlled; and when quarrels did occur, even if blows were exchanged, that was usually the end of it.

There was one exceptional case in the regiment. A man named Hall and another named Branson were sworn enemies. I never knew the origin of their trouble; but

they were both desperate fellows, and a tragic ending of the feud was expected. Nothing serious occurred between them while at Helena; but I chanced to see the culmination of their misunderstanding at Little Rock. It will be remembered that Col. McLean's Brigade Headquarters at Little Rock were located in a large yard near St. John's College, which we used as a hospital. Branson was taking care of Col. McLean's horses, and slept in a tent pitched in the yard. Hall was a visitor at the house of a man who lived with his family in the same yard.

One night Hall was giving a supper to some of his friends in this house; and while he was enjoying himself, Branson approached a window, through which he fired his revolver at Hall, who was sitting at the table. I heard the shot and went to the door of our quarters. Hall was raving around among the trees hunting Branson, to whom he at once attributed the shot. Branson had gone into his tent, in which a light was burning, and his shadow was visible upon the side of his tent. Hall, with an oath, called upon him to come out. Branson raised the tent flap, but instead of coming out, thrust his pistol arm through the opening and fired at Hall, again missing his aim. Hall then opened fire and several shots were exchanged; and the light was extinguished. Hall thought he had killed Branson, and ran out through the yard gate and disappeared. We found Branson lying in his bunk with a bullet hole through his shoulder. He recovered, and was tried by Court Martial, I believe, and sent to prison. Hall escaped and never came back to the regiment to my knowledge, nor have I heard of him since.

BATTLE OF HELENA.

It is no part of my purpose to attempt any description of the battle at Helena, on July 4, 1863, brought on by an

effort of the Confederates, under Holmes, Price and Marmaduke, to capture the town. That battle is worthy of a full description, and will doubtless be given the attention it deserves in another part of this book, where the names of the heroes who lost their lives in that brilliant engagement will appear.

My recollection is that we had less than 4000 men at that time, and that the Confederates outnumbered us more than two to one; but again I refer to the historical part of the book for the facts.

ON TO LITTLE ROCK.

About September 1, 1863, the army at Helena, which had been largely reinforced, struck tents and moved west toward Little Rock, under General Steele. We had made Helena our headquarters for so long, that it seemed something like home; and it was with feelings akin to regret we bid good bye to the town and surroundings, with which we had become so familiar.

The march to Little Rock was fraught with many incidents that go to make up the history of the 43d; but they were not such incidents as come within the scope of these brief sketches. Occasional skirmishes occurred, in some of which our regiment participated, but no serious obstacle blocked our way; and about September 10th, 1864, Gen. Steele took possession of the Capital of the State of Arkansas, and the "Star Spangled Banner" soon floated from the State-House cupola.

CAMP LIFE AT LITTLE ROCK.

The 43d went into camp near the U. S. Arsenal grounds, just in the edge of the town. From the time we arrived at Little Rock, I was on detached service nearly all the time; and spent but a small portion of my time with the regiment;

though I was a frequent visitor in the camp. My recollection is that Col. McLean was in command of a Brigade before we left Helena, and that Major Norris was in command of the regiment at Little Rock, and on the Camden expedition. I cannot remember when or where Lieut. Col. Major left us, but I think it was at Helena. We remained in Little Rock from September, 1863, until April, 1864, when Gen. Steele, with his army, started on his expedition to the south west, of which a succinct account will be found elsewhere in the book.

I remember of but few incidents, in which members of the 43d would be interested, occurring during our stay in Little Rock, All the troops were employed pretty regularly in building fortifications, and the members of the 43d did their full share of that work.

LEVY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The building of fortifications reminds me of a scheme adopted by some impecunious soldiers for replenishing their empty pocket books.

There were numerous colored people in and around the town and the various camps, and many of them worked on the fortifications, but there were plenty of idlers among them. Some smart soldier got hold of an old pay roll; and armed with his badge of authority, he would approach the first colored fellow he would meet, and in an authoritative tone demand his name, which would be given. Then the soldier would run his finger down the list: "Ah! Here it is. Jack Smith," (whatever name he had given) "Thirty days on the fortifications, or ten days cash." He would then explain that there had been an order issued that each person whose name was on his list was assessed so many days labor or so much cash; and one failing to respond would be sent outside our picket lines. The poor darkey

would give up his last penny, (and nearly all of them had some money), in order to have his name taken of the roll. Hundreds of dollars were collected before the rascals were caught. One fellow was too greedy. He tackled a darkey who had no money, but said Mr. ——— owed him and if the officer (?) would go with him he would get it and pay his tax. They went together to Mr. ———, who after inquiring what the money was for, suspected the scheme and reported the facts to headquarters. Some of the "grafters" were caught and punished, and that source of revenue was cut off.

A CLEVER TRICK.

Good whisky was scarce in the South. Even apple-jack would sell for \$2.00 per quart; and when one swallowed it he would think a torch-light procession had gone down his throat. Commissary whisky was regarded as the best going, and it commanded fabulous prices; but of course no one could lawfully have it, except Government Commissaries.

An Irish citizen of the city, willing to turn an honest penny, started a sort of "blind pig" in a log cabin near the camp of the 43d, where apple-jack and other villainous compounds were surreptitiously furnished to soldiers. The boys regarded Pat as legitimate prey, and set their heads together to beat him. Three soldiers went to Pat's shanty one evening apparently in great trouble. Pat noticed the fact and sympathetically enquired the cause. After a good deal of hesitation the trio admitted that they had stolen a barrel of commissary whisky from the Q. M's. store-house, and didn't know how to get rid of it. Pat became greatly interested, and finally proposed to buy it. After a good deal of higgling the deal was made. The boys were to deliver the whisky to Pat's cabin at midnight; and if it proved

all right they were to be paid \$5.00 per gallon, in cash. The Quarter-Master of our Brigade kept whisky to be issued to fatigue parties when ordered, and there were several empty whisky barrels about the store house. The boys got one of these, and also procured an order from their Captain, for a canteen full of whisky. One of the boys, who was a cooper by trade, then went to work on the barrel. He took out the head, and fitted the neck of the canteen into the faucet hole, from the inside. He then screwed a brass faucet through the barrel head into the mouth of the canteen, and put the head back into the barrel, leaving no mark of his handiwork, and filled the barrel with water.

At the appointed hour they got a wheel barrow and rolled the barrel to the cabin, and inside, as soon as the door was opened; and demanded their money at once, so they could get away.

"Don't hurry," says Pat, "I want to taste the stuff."

"Well, hurry up, get a cup and taste it."

Pat got his cup, turned the faucet, from which some whisky dribbled, and after tasting it, pronounced it all right. He then looked at the brand on the barrel marked: "40 Galls.," shook the barrel to find that it was full; and then counted out \$200 to the boys for 39 gallons and 3 quarts of water and one quart of whisky. The boys knew Pat did not dare say a word, as he was violating orders by keeping his place, and was buying what he supposed to be stolen property; and they made no secret of what they regarded as a good joke.

STEELE'S EXPEDITION.

In the spring of 1864 the troops at Little Rock, under command of General Steele, started on the ill fated expedition to south-western Arkansas.

My understanding as to the purpose of this campaign was

that Gen. Steele expected to join Gen. Banks, who was then on his expedition up Red River, and co-operate with him against the Confederate forces at Shreveport, Louisiana. After numerous skirmishes and engagements of more or less importance we reached Camden, on the Ouchita River, where we went into camp. A few days afterward our brigade was detailed to escort a supply train sent to Pine Bluff for rations. In the meantime Gen. Banks had been driven back, which relieved the Confederates at Shreveport, and left Generals Price, Marmaduke and others free to devote their attention to us.

It is not for me to attempt a history of the capture of our supply train and its escort, including a large part of the 43d. A detailed account of the misfortune will be found elsewhere. Suffice it for me to say that the old 43d was practically broken up, and never got together again as a full regiment.

I was ready to start with the brigade when I received an order to report for duty to Captain Pierce, who had been appointed Post Quartermaster at Camden; and I thus probably escaped capture at Marks' Mill, where the train was attacked. The retreat from Camden, the fight at Saline River, and the arrival of the remnant of the 43d at Little Rock, are not pleasant incidents to dwell upon, and I refer the reader to the historical part of the book for details.

Soon after our return the terms of enlistment of the 43d men began to expire; and, except a few who escaped, I believe that those captured were sent to Indianapolis when exchanged.

Captain Eddington was left in command of a few members of the regiment, who remained at Little Rock, camping in the State House yard, until the fall of 1864, when we all returned to Indianapolis and were mustered out of the service.

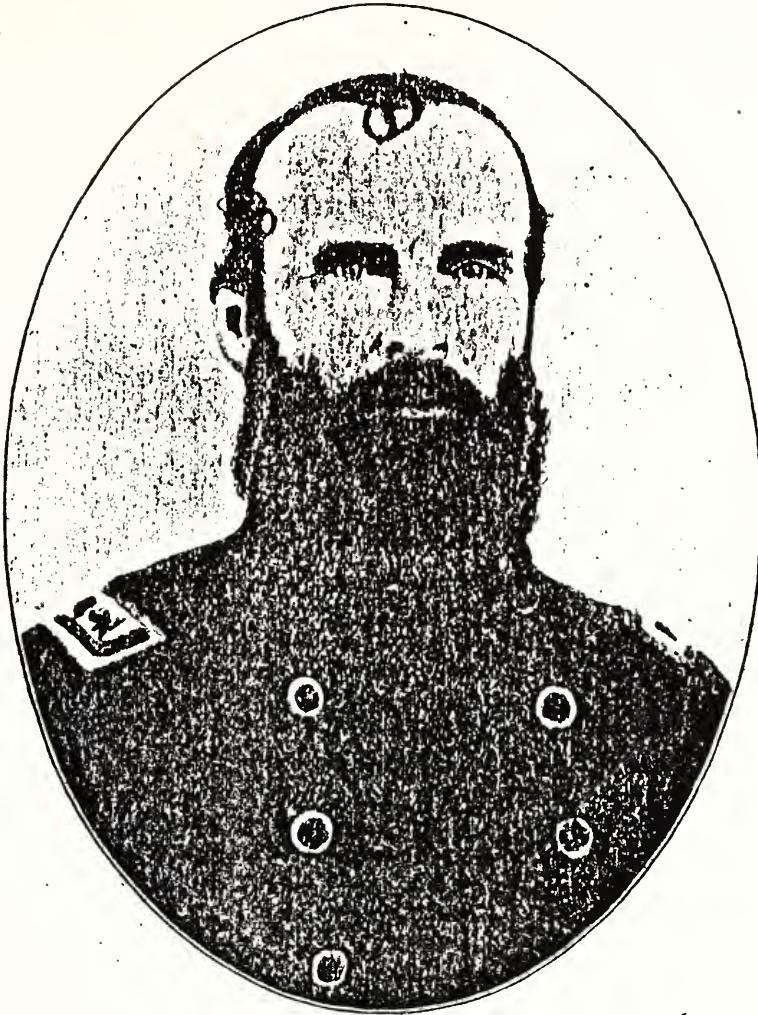
CONCLUSION.

As I come to close these reminiscences and incidents of a part of my life, which, though fraught with many privations, was prolific of scenes and experiences that I could not, if I would, and would not if I could, blot from my memory, other incidents come crowding upon my mind that might be as interesting and as worthy of preservation as those recorded; but, as those I have written will occupy more than my share of the pages of this book, I close, while the faces of some of those with whom I was most intimately associated and in whose society the happiest hours of my enlistment were passed, but whose names do not appear in what I have written, flit before my mental vision, recalling many acts of kindness for which I have been and am still grateful. I personally knew every man in the regiment; and there was not an officer or man among them with whom I was not on friendly terms. I realize that it was through the friendly feeling and the many kindly acts of officers and men, that I owe the fact that my three years with the 43d were as free from the hardships and privations of army life, as it was possible for a soldier's life to be.

There were a few with whom I was brought in closer contact than with others; and between them and myself close associations ripened into stronger friendships and closer comradeship than existed between those less frequently thrown together. I refrain from attempting to speak at length of any of these; but will mention Captain W. E. Whitridge and his brother Henry. We were close friends before the war, enlisted together, messed together and were constantly together in the service. They were both captured at Mark's Mill and taken to Tyler, Texas. Captain Whitridge escaped with Jonathan Fisk, and they came through to Little Rock. Both the Whitridges have since died. I mention also T. C. Grooms, of Greencastle,

J. W. Cooper, of Indianapolis, and Moses Grooms, of Richmond, because I have kept up a closer acquaintance with them since the war than with any other of the comrades. Moses Grooms died a few years ago, the other two named are still living; and it has been through them that I have kept in touch with the old regiment. John A. Yager lives at Seven Mile, Ohio, and is the nearest neighbor I have from among the "old boys."

I close with best wishes for the prosperity of every surviving comrade; and with the hope that at our next reunion, I may have the pleasure of clasping many comrades by the hand once more.



MAJOR CHARLES W. MOSS.

MILITARY LIFE OF MAJOR CHARLES W. MOSS,
43D REGIMENT, INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

CHARLES W. MOSS was born in Shelby Co., now Spencer Co., Kentucky, April 24th, 1820. Departed this life at his home, Centre Point, Ind., Aug. 23d, 1900.

In the National struggle with Mexico, his soul was fired with patriotism. June 15th, 1846, he enlisted in Capt. John Osborn's Co., Co. "C", 2d Regiment, Ind. Vols.

Served three months as private and then was made Orderly. This Company was organized at Bowling Green. They marched to New Albany, Ind., remained there a week, then boarded the steamer, sailed to the Gulf and across to the mouth of the Rio Grande River. This trip was very severe on the boys, as a great many of them had never been from home before. The voyage was very rough as it stormed the whole time, eight days. Nearly everyone was sea sick, and upon landing, their tents were pitched on the hot sand bar, the measles broke out and many brave souls passed on to awake in the "Great Beyond." Home-sickness was a malady that claimed many a brave soldier at that time.

The Company remained here until late fall when they moved inward to Monterey, then on to Saltillo, where they camped for a few weeks. The next point was the mountain pass of Buena Vista. Here was fought a great battle, February 22d and 23d, in which our boys participated and were victorious. They remained here in possession of the Pass until May, when a march for home began. Upon arriving at New Orleans they were discharged, June 25th, 1847. Returned home July 4th, after an absence of thirteen months.

They were treated very kindly by citizens in different localities in their march home; two instances, at Orleans and Carlisle, Ind. The men were met with wagons and in the evening were given good meals, comfortable beds, etc.

There were skirmishes at Monterey, Saltillo, and other points we cannot name.

THE CIVIL WAR.

The fire on Fort Sumpter again aroused his patriotism. The next day, while working in the garden, the fife and drum were heard in the distance, although not of an excit-

able nature, he jumped up from his bending position and said, "Mother that makes me feel like going." He had often said he would not leave his family and go to war again.

He worked with great zeal recruiting from then till Sept. 20th, 1861, he enlisted as Capt. of Co. G., 43d Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry. After this he followed the destinies of the regiment from Evansville to Spottsville, thence to Calhoun, Ky. When the army was ordered to leave for more important points he was left in charge of the sick and regimental property. Later he joined his regiment at New Madrid, Mo., and moved on down the Mississippi. Later he moved with the regiment to Helena, Ark., remaining there until after the battle, July 4th, 1863.

He was in the Yazoo campaign that ran the blockade. He was the commanding officer, and when told to select his men, he replied that he would rather have volunteers. There was a plenty of them too. They went on barges, using bales of cotton for protection. The night was dark and stormy—waters every where—but nevertheless they were victorious.

He was at Little Rock in 1863 and 1864 in charge of a saw mill crew, producing lumber in the interest of the Government. He was in the wagon train, under command of Lieut. Col. Drake, that started from Camden to Pine Bluff for supplies. The train consisted of over 400 wagons, and about 1,200 men. They were entirely surrounded by the enemy and finally forced to surrender. This was known as the battle of Marks Mill. He was acting Major of the 77th Ohio, when taken prisoner. The boys asked him to surrender them and he replied: "I'll surrender no man but myself." He ordered them to take to the woods, every man get a tree. He followed in the rear. A small open field lay between them and the woods. He said it

seemed as though a thousand of bullets whistled around him and he was the only target. His horse was shot from under him, pulling off one boot. He surrendered and was relieved of his fire arms, watch, etc. The commanding officer permitted him to return well guarded to get his boot. The guards in searching him overlooked sixty dollars in greenbacks in his vest pocket. This proved a great blessing to him in his long march to prison and his prison life. The long march from Marks Mill to Camp Ford, Tyler, Texas, was very trying on his health. Two days before they arrived at camp, he told the Commanding General that he would have to have an ambulance. The general said he could not furnish one, but gave him his horse to ride to camp. Upon reaching camp he had a long spell of sickness. The General called on him asking if he could be of any assistance to him. The Captain replied that he would like some coffee, but supposed it could not be obtained. The General said that his wife had some, and the next day she came with coffee and three ginger snaps.

On the march to camp he was purveyor. At night, upon pitching tent, the enemy furnished them meal; this was put on their old blankets and he had to distribute it with three quart cups. Then the beeves were brought up and shot down. The prisoners had to butcher them with just three pocket knives and an old ax. This he distributed among his men, numbering about 500. He was superintendent of a work party to get fuel and comforts in the hospital which was just outside of the stockades. This work he continued as long as he was in prison, ten months. His enlistment expired while in prison, but was not remustered till April 28, 1865, at Indianapolis. Upon being exchanged, there were 40 sick men unable to care for themselves. He volunteered to care for them until they could reach Shreveport, if the enemy would furnish wagons, which they did,

ten men to each wagon. One man died on the way. They reached their destination Feb. 26, 1865. He was then sent with them to Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. From there he came home, staid a few days with his family, and then reported at Indianapolis, having been absent about 40 months.

While at Indianapolis he was "Officer of the Day", and had command of the troops that guarded the State Capitol, while President Lincoln lay there in state.

May 20, 1865, was commissioned Major. June 1, 1865, was chosen to act upon Court Martial duty, at Cambridge, Ohio. This court was in session three months. They dealt with two criminals, both of whom were sentenced to be hung.

He was discharged at the expiration of the war, Sept. 1st, 1865.

A SUCCESSFUL FORTY-THIRDER.

AMONG the old boys of the 43d who have achieved a fine measure of success since their discharge from the military service, is Lieutenant Alexander M. Scott. Leaving the regiment in 1864, for twenty years he was a successful merchant. During the last 15 years, he has been the cashier of the bank at Ladoga, Montgomery County. In these years he has been three times elected a member of the Legislature from his county, in which body he has served with distinction. For thirty years he has been treasurer of the public school board of his town. He is at present a mem-



FIRST LIEUT. ALEXANDER M. SCOTT.

ber of the Board of Trustees of the "Indiana State Soldiers' Home," at Lafayette. He is a member of the "Loyal Legion," and has been a decided success in everything he has undertaken. In his bright lexicon there is no such word as "fail." He has "got there Eli," with both feet. His picture adorns this work. It shows him still, we are pleased to say, a young man, in the prime of his youth and beauty.

A SUMMARY OF THE FORTY-THIRD'S RECORD.

THE official records in the War Department, at Washington, D. C., will show that the 43d is entitled to have the following names conspicuously emblazoned upon its banners:

NEW MADRID,
ISLAND NO. 10,
FORT PILLOW,
MEMPHIS,
DUVALL'S BLUFF,
HELENA,
YAZOO PASS,
LITTLE ROCK,
PRAIRIE DE ANN,
ELKINS' FORD,
MARKS' MILL,
JENKINS' FERRY,
EMINENCE, KY.

New Madrid, Island No. 10, Fort Pillow, and Memphis opened the Mississippi River, from the Ohio to Vicksburg. The importance of the capture of New Madrid and Island

No. 10, the abandonment of Fort Pillow by the Confederates, after a protracted siege, and the capture of Memphis, can hardly be estimated, so far as *their value* was concerned, to the Union cause.

The victory at Helena was, by all odds, the most brilliant Union victory obtained west of the Mississippi River, and was the most crushing blow which the Confederates had in all that immense territory. In referring to the 43d Regiment, Major General B. M. Prentiss, who commanded the Union forces in that battle, in his official report, said; "My thanks, as well as those of the Nation at large, are due to Colonel William E. McLean, 43d Indiana Infantry, commanding 1st Brigade, who held the left flank, and rendered very efficient service on the left wing of the center". (See Volume 22, Series 1, Page 390 of "War of the Rebellion. Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.")

The Yazoo Pass Expedition was important, as it diverted a large force from the Confederate defense of Vicksburg.

The importance of the capture of Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas, will be conceded.

The battles of "Prairie De Ann", and "Elkins Ford", opened the way for Steele's army, in its march, from Little Rock to Camden. The battle of Elkins Ford was the only engagement, of any significance, in the whole "BANKS EXPEDITION" in which the Union forces were successful.

The battle of "Marks Mill", while it resulted in the capture of nearly 1,000 prisoners, was a sad blunder from a Confederate standpoint.

The battle of "Jenkins Ferry" was the bloodiest, most closely contested, and in short the ugliest engagement from every standpoint, fought west of the Mississippi River.

It was the "Ivssling" of all the battles of the Trans-Mississippi Department—a battle barren of results, except in the appalling loss of life, upon both sides.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS.

INDIANA VOLUNTEERS

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Company	NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
	<i>Colonel</i>			
	George K. Steele . . .	Sept. 28, 1861		Resigned Jan. 16, '62. Died at Rockville, Ind.
	William E. McLean . . .	Feb. 16, 1862	May 12, 1862	Resigned May 12, '62; recommissioned.
	William E. McLean . . .	June 25, 1862	May 12, 1862	Mustered out May 17, '65; term expired.
	John C. Major . . .	May 20, 1865	May 22, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Lieutenant Colonel</i>			
	William E. McLean . . .	Sept. 11, 1861	Sept. 12, 1861	Promoted Colonel.
	William L. Farrow . . .	Feb. 16, 1862	May 12, 1862	Discharged July 16, '63; re-entered the service as Lieut. Col. 78th Reg. Died at Greencastle, Ind.
	John C. Major . . .	Oct. 4, 1862	Oct. 4, 1862	Promoted Colonel.
	Wesley W. Norris . . .	May 20, 1865	May 22, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Major</i>			
	William L. Farrow . . .	Oct. 22, 1861	Nov. 5, 1861	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.
	John C. Major . . .	March 7, 1862	May 12, 1862	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.
	Wesley W. Norris . . .	Oct. 18, 1862	Oct. 18, 1862	Promoted Lieutenant Colonel.
	Charles A. Moss . . .	May 20, 1865	May 22, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment. Died at Ashboro, Ind.
	<i>Adjutant</i>			
	Milton J. Cooper . . .	Oct. 10, 1861	Oct. 11, 1861	Mustered out Oct. 25, '64; term expired. Died at Greencastle.
	Howard R. Lowder . . .	Nov. 19, 1864	Nov. 19, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Quartermaster</i>			
	William Durham . . .	Oct. 11, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861	Assigned to Co. "H," Jan. 20, '62.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
<i>Quartermaster</i>			
Alfred Burley	Jan. 20, 1862	Oct. 2, 1861	Resigned Feb. 28, '62.
Douglass Putnam . . .	March 1, 1862	Oct. 2, 1862	Promoted Captain Co. "G."
William W. Payne . . .	May 26, 1864		Mustered out as Sergeant of Company "B," with Regiment.
<i>Chaplain</i>			
Nathaniel P. Heath . . .	Oct. 15, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861	Resigned March 26, '62. Died.
E. T. Cook	August 9, 1862	Aug. 9, 1862	Resigned August 9, '63. Died.
John Williams	Oct. 7, 1863	Oct. 29, 1863	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Surgeon</i>			
William C. Smydth . . .	Oct. 22, 1861	Oct. 28, 1861	Mustered out May 7, '62. Died at Washington, Ind.
Milton D. Darnall . . .	May 30, 1862	May 30, 1862	Died Sept. 16, '62, at Cairo, Illinois.
Hamilton E. Ellis . . .	Oct. 9, 1862	Oct. 9, 1862	Resigned June 18, '63. Died at Greencastle, Ind.
Gonsalvo C. Smyth . . .	June 18, 1863	June 18, 1863	Died at Greencastle.
<i>Assistant Surgeon</i>			
Milton D. Darnall . . .	Oct. 22, 1861	Oct. 26, 1861	Promoted Surgeon.
Robert C. Reynolds . . .	May 30, 1862	May 30, 1862	Honorably discharged October 3, '62.
Gonsalvo C. Smyth . . .	Aug. 30, 1862	Aug. 30, 1862	Promoted Surgeon.
David P. Culbertson . .	Sept. 23, 1862	Oct. 3, 1862	Resigned April 9, '64. Died.
Orlando H. Helmer . . .	June 18, 1863	June 25, 1863	Mustered out with Regiment.
Christopher F. Bogle . .	Oct. 22, 1864	Oct. 22, 1864	Resigned November 7, '64.
Thomas D. Sweeney . . .	Dec. 13, 1864	Dec. 20, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS - Continued.

INDIANA VOLUNTEERS

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NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
A			
<i>Captain</i>			
John C. Major	Aug. 20, 1861	Aug. 31, 1861	Promoted Major.
James M. Rose	March 31, 1862	May 12, 1862	Honorably discharged Feb. 21, '65. Died.
Warren Harper	March 1, 1865	March 23, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment. Died at Terre Haute, [Ind.
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
David Orman	Aug. 20, 1861	Aug. 31, 1861	Resigned November 21, '62.
Samuel G. N. Pinckley . .	Nov. 22, 1862	Nov. 22, 1862	Resigned April 10, '64. Died at Bowling Green, Ind.
William T. Anderson . .	Oct. 15, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
James M. Rose	Aug. 20, 1861	Aug. 31, 1861	Promoted Captain. Died at Bloomfield, Ind.
Samuel G. N. Pinckley . .	March 31, 1862	May 12, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Warren Harper	Nov. 22, 1862	Nov. 22, 1862	Promoted Captain; left arm amputated from wound while in rebel prison, Tyler, Texas.
William H. Miles	March 1, 1865	March 31, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
B			
<i>Captain</i>			
Francis M. Darnall . . .	Sept. 10, 1861	Sept. 10, 1861	Resigned May 12, '62.
Marmaduke H. Darnall . .	May 13, 1862	May 13, 1862	Died April 30, '64, of wounds.
William L. Yelton . . .	May 1, 1864	Oct. 22, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
Samuel S. Carrington . .	Sept. 10, 1861	Sept. 10, 1861	Resigned May 6, '62.
Marmaduke H. Darnall	May 7, 1862	May 7, 1862	Promoted Captain.

Company

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
Alexander M. Scott . . .	May 13, 1862	July 20, 1862	Resigned April 1, '64. Promoted Captain. Mustered out with Regiment.
William L. Yelton . . .	April 2, 1864	Aug. 17, 1864	
Tucker W. Williamson . .	Dec. 17, 1864	Dec. 20, 1864	
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
Marmaduke H. Darnall .	Sept. 10, 1861	Sept. 10, 1861	Promoted 1st Lieutenant. Resigned December 2, '62. Resigned March 1, '64. Promoted 1st Lieutenant. Mustered out with Regiment.
LaFayette Darnall . . .	May 7, 1862	May 7, 1862	
Alfred M. Burk	Dec. 3, 1862	Dec. 3, 1862	
Tucker W. Williamson .	Nov. 1, 1864	Nov. 3, 1864	
James E. Burks	Dec. 17, 1864	Dec. 24, 1864	
<i>Captain</i>			
Elijah Edington	Aug. 29, 1861	Sept. 5, 1861	Mustered out October 20, '64. Mustered out with Regiment.
John W. Cooper	Oct. 21, 1864	Oct. 28, 1864	
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
Henry Roach	Aug. 29, 1861	Sept. 5, 1861	Resigned August 24, '63. Mustered out with Regiment.
William F. Yeager . . .	Oct. 21, 1864	Oct. 21, 1864	
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
Joseph A. Burcham . . .	Aug. 29, 1861	Sept. 5, 1861	Died. Mustered out March 17, '65; term expired. Mustered out with Regiment.
William Holman	March 31, 1862	March 31, 1862	
Harvey R. Lyon	March 18, 1865	April 6, 1865	

Company

C

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS - Continued.

Company	NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
D	<i>Captain</i>			
	Wesley W. Norris . . .	Sept. 18, 1861	Sept. 18, 1861	Promoted Major.
	John L. Brown . . .	Oct. 18, 1862	Nov. 1, 1862	Honorably discharged, October 6, '64.
	William H. Brown . . .	Dec. 6, 1864		Mustered out as 1st Lieut. Oct. 20, '64; term expired.
	Francis M. Welch . . .	Jan. 11, 1865	Jan. 14, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
	John L. Brown . . .	Sept. 18, 1861	Sept. 18, 1861	Promoted Captain.
	William H. Brown . . .	Oct. 18, 1862	Nov. 1, 1862	Mustered out October 20, '64.
	Francis M. Welch . . .	Dec. 6, 1864	Dec. 6, 1864	Promoted Captain.
	Matthias M. Brown . . .	Jan. 11, 1865	Jan. 14, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
	Samuel L. Debaun . . .	Sept. 18, 1861	Sept. 18, 1861	Resigned January 26, '62.
E	William H. Brown . . .	March 31, 1862	March 31, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
	William A. Thomas . . .	Oct. 18, 1862	Nov. 1, 1862	Died.
	William F. Yeager . . .	Dec. 13, 1862	Dec. 13, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant Company "C."
	Francis M. Welch . . .	Oct. 21, 1864	Nov. 11, 1864	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
	Matthias M. Brown . . .	Dec. 6, 1864	Dec. 6, 1864	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
	Eberle Lloyd . . .	Jan. 17, 1865	Jan. 17, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Captain</i>			
	Samuel T. Roach . . .	Oct. 9, 1861	Oct. 9, 1861	Resigned June 2, '63. Died.
	Basil D. Hays . . .	June 3, 1863	June 3, 1863	Discharged March 12, '64.
	William H. Thompson . .	Oct. 20, 1864	Oct. 30, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

Company	NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
	<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
	Jackson Stepp	Oct. 9, 1861	Oct. 9, 1861	Resigned May 13, '62; re-entered service as 1st Lieutenant in 71st Regiment.
	Elza Walls	May 14, 1862	May 14, 1862	Resigned Oct. 7, '62.
	William H. Powers	Oct. 8, 1862	Oct. 8, 1862	Resigned May 23, '63.
	William F. Willis	June 3, 1863	July 6, 1863	Mustered out Oct. 9, '64.
	Samuel W. Chambers	Oct. 21, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
	Josiah Stanley	Oct. 9, 1861	Oct. 9, 1861	Resigned March 26, '62.
	Elza Walls	March 31, 1862	March 31, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
	William H. Powers	May 14, 1862	May 14, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
	Basil D. Hays	Oct. 8, 1862	Oct. 8, 1862	Promoted Captain.
	William H. Thompson	June 3, 1863	July 6, 1863	Promoted Captain.
	John Q. Hamilton	Dec. 6, 1864	Dec. 12, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>Captain</i>			
	Alexander H. Gainey	Aug. 29, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861	Resigned Jan. 20, '62. Died.
	Joseph Lane	March 1, 1862	March 1, 1862	Killed at battle of Mark's Mills, Ark., April 25, '64.
	James B. Dyer	April 26, 1864	July 1, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
	<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
	Joseph Lane	Aug. 29, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861	Promoted Captain. Died.
	John P. Potter	March 31, 1862	March 31, 1862	Resigned May 16, '62.
	John Bugher	May 17, 1862	May 17, 1862	Resigned June 57, '63.

FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS--Continued.

NAMES AND RANK		Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
<i>First Lieutenant</i>				
James B. Dyer	June 28, 1863	Jan. 23, 1864	Promoted Captain. Mustered out as 1st Sergeant; term expired. Mustered out with Regiment.	
John East	April 26, 1864	March 14, 1865		
Miles F. Richeson . . .	Feb. 11, 1865			
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>				
Ira H. Rainwater	Aug. 29, 1861	Sept. 27, 1861	Resigned January 24, '62. Promoted 1st Lieutenant. Revoked; mustered out as Private. Promoted 1st Lieutenant. Mustered out with Regiment.	
John Bugher	March 31, 1862	March 31, 1862		
John R. Hall	May 17, 1862	March 10, 1863		
James B. Dyer	March 10, 1863			
Charles W. Holland . . .	March 20, 1865			
<i>Captain</i>				
Charles W. Moss	Sept. 20, 1861	Sept. 20, 1861	Promoted Major. Mustered out with Regiment.	
Douglas Putnam	May 20, 1865	May 22, 1865		
<i>First Lieutenant</i>				
Milton Lewis Wyeth . .	Sept. 20, 1861	Sept. 20, 1861	Died. Mustered out May 17, '65; term expired. Mustered out with Regiment.	
Jonathan M. Johns . . .	May 14, 1862	May 14, 1862		
William O. Burget . . .	May 20, 1865	May 22, 1865		
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>				
Jonathan M. Johns . . .	Sept. 20, 1861	Sept. 20, 1861	Promoted 1st Lieutenant. Died. Mustered out Nov. 7, '64. Died at Wingfield, Kan. Promoted 1st Lieutenant.	
William L. Martin . . .	May 14, 1862	July 20, 1862		
William O. Burget . . .	Jan. 11, 1865	Jan. 17, 1865		

Company

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FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

NAME AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
Murray Davis	May 20, 1865	May 29, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment. Died.
<i>Captain</i>			
William Lane	Oct. 2, 1861	Oct. 2, 1861	Resigned July 5, '63. Died at Greencastle.
William E. Whitridge	July 6, 1863	Aug. 7, 1863	Mustered out December 1, '64; term expired. Died at Soronto, Fla.
Wallace L. Daggy	Jan. 11, 1865	Jan. 13, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
Alfred Burley	Oct. 2, 1861	Oct. 2, 1861	Assigned as Quartermaster January 20, '62.
William Durham	Jan. 20, 1862	Sept. 27, 1861	Assigned from Quartermaster; resigned March 3, '63.
William E. Whitridge	March 4, 1863	March 5, 1863	Promoted Captain.
Milton W. Woodruff	July 6, 1863	Aug. 9, 1863	Resigned February 27, '64.
John W. Cooper	Feb. 28, 1864	May 3, 1864	Promoted Captain Company "C."
Wallace L. Daggy	Oct. 22, 1864	Nov. 11, 1864	Promoted Captain.
James E. Lilley	Jan. 11, 1865	Jan. 16, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
Moses Grooms	Oct. 2, 1861	Oct. 2, 1861	Resigned May 6, '62. Dead.
Tarvin C. Grooms	May 10, 1862	May 10, 1862	Resigned October 18, '62.
William E. Whitridge	Sept. 10, 1862	Sept. 11, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Milton W. Woodruff	March 4, 1863	March 5, 1863	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
John W. Cooper	June 6, 1863	Aug. 7, 1863	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Wallace L. Daggy	Oct. 14, 1864	Nov. 3, 1864	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.

Company

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FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

NAME AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
James E. Lilley	Oct. 22, 1864	Nov. 11, 1864	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Daniel Sullivan	Jan. 16, 1865	Jan. 28, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Captain</i>			
Samuel J. Hall	Oct. 9, 1861	Oct. 9, 1861	Mustered out January 7, '65; term expired.
Robert B. Sears	Jan. 8, 1865	Jan. 23, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
David A. Ranger	Oct. 9, 1861	Oct. 9, 1861	Mustered out October 19, '64. Died in Clinton, Indiana.
Robert B. Sears	Oct. 20, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Promoted Captain.
William L. Martin	Jan. 8, 1865	Jan. 24, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment. Died.
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
George W. Shewmaker	Oct. 9, 1861	Oct. 9, 1861	Resigned May 24, '62. Died.
James W. Andrews	May 21, 1862	May 21, 1862	Mustered out October 19, '64; term expired. Died.
William L. Martin	Dec. 24, 1864	Dec. 24, 1865	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
John Lovelace	Feb. 11, 1865	March 1, 1865	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Captain</i>			
John R. Callender	Sept. 15, 1861	Oct. 17, 1861	Resigned October 16, '62.
William S. Magill	Oct. 17, 1862	Nov. 1, 1862	Discharged October 18, '64. Died.
William Sweeney	Oct. 19, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment. Died.

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FORTY-THIRD REGIMENT INDIANA VOLUNTEERS—Continued.

NAMES AND RANK	Date of Commission	Date of Muster	REMARKS
<i>First Lieutenant</i>			
William S. Magill . . .	Sept. 17, 1861	Oct. 17, 1861	Promoted Captain.
Franklin I. Moore . . .	Oct. 17, 1862	Nov. 1, 1862	Discharged October 18, '64.
George W. Lancaster . .	Oct. 19, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>			
George H. Hansel . . .	Sept. 17, 1861	Oct. 17, 1861	Discharged October 3, '62.
Franklin I. Moore . . .	Oct. 4, 1862	Oct. 4, 1862	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
John Hixon	Oct. 17, 1862	Nov. 1, 1862	Resigned July 28, '63.
William Sweeney	Sept. 30, 1864	Sept. 30, 1864	Promoted Captain.
David Reynolds	Oct. 19, 1864	Nov. 4, 1864	Mustered out with Regiment.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LIST OF THE NON-COMMISSIONED
OFFICERS; SERGEANTS, CORPORALS AND
MUSICIANS OF EACH COMPANY
OF THE REGIMENT.

REGIMENTAL NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>Sergeant Major.</i> Darnall, Andrew J.	Sept. 27	Mustered out Sept. 10, 1864.
<i>Quartermaster Sergeant.</i> Putnam, Douglas	Sept. 27	Promoted Captain Co. "G."
<i>Commissary Sergeant.</i> Gilmore, James A.	Sept. 27	
<i>Hospital Steward.</i> Helmer, Orlander.	Sept. 27	Promoted Assistant Surgeon.
<i>Bugler.</i> Drogan, William	Sept. 27	
<i>Principal Musicians.</i> Griffith, William	Sept. 27	
Puett, James W.	Sept. 27	

COMPANY "A."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i> Orman, Bradford	Aug. 20	
<i>Sergeants.</i> Pinkley, Samuel G. N. ...	Aug. 20	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Harper, Warren P.	Aug. 20	" " "
Bolin, Richard T.	Aug. 20	
Canither, John A.	Aug. 20	
<i>Corporals.</i> Pausing, Joseph A.	Aug. 20	
Grimes, Rodney R.	Aug. 20	
Randell, Andrew J.	Aug. 20	
Thomas, Granville E.	Aug. 20	Killed at Mark's Mill, Ark, April 25, 1864.
Sellers, John	Aug. 20	
Lamer, Jacob M.	Aug. 20	
Lucas, Isaac C.	Aug. 20	
Campbell, Francis M.	Aug. 20	
<i>Musicians.</i> Miles, Samuel T. L.	Aug. 20	Veteran; Mustered out June 15, 1865.
Riley, Thomas.	Aug. 20	

COMPANY "B."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Scott, Alexander M.	Sept. 10	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Darnall, Lafayette.	Sept. 10	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Burk, Alfred M.	Sept. 10	" " "
Hocker, Henry C.	Sept. 10	" " "
Yelton, William I.	Sept. 10	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Payne, Wallace W.	Sept. 10	Veteran; mustered out June 15, 1865, as Sergeant.
Ball, John W.	Sept. 10	Mustered out March 17, 1865, as Sergeant.
Burke, James E.	Sept. 10	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Butcher, Russell M.	Sept. 10	
Magill, John T.	Sept. 10	
Bech, George.	Sept. 10	
Scott, Archalaus.	Sept. 10	
McBride, Henry I.	Sept. 10	
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Hillis, James H.	Sept. 10	Mustered out Oct. 19, 1864.
Murphy, John F.	Sept. 10	Veteran; mustered out June 15, 1865, as private.

COMPANY "C."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Crane, Nathaniel.	Sept. 27	
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Holmon, William.	Sept. 27	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Ashcraft, Robert.	Sept. 27	
Shacklett, Homer.	Sept. 27	
Ashcraft, Jonathan.	Sept. 27	
<i>Corporals.</i>		
McLaughlin, John.	Sept. 27	
Burcham, William A.	Sept. 27	
Burcham, William J.	Sept. 27	Mustered out March 17, 1865.
Ashcraft, Elijah.	Sept. 27	
Ashcraft, Martin.	Sept. 27	Mustered out March 17, 1865.
Burcham, Levi.	Sept. 27	
Hardisty, Jasper N.	Sept. 27	
Roach, James M.	Sept. 27	
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Carrell, John.	Sept. 27	
Howell, William A.	Sept. 27	

COMPANY "D."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Brown, William H.	Sept. 19	
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Hutcherson, Lawrence W	Sept. 19	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Yeager, William F	Sept. 19	
Thomas, William A. ...	Sept. 19	
Welch, Francis M.	Sept. 19	
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Morgan, Elias D.	Sept. 19	Veteran; mustered out June 14, 1865.
Thomas, James O.	Sept. 19	
LaFollette, Robert A. ...	Sept. 19	" " " " 14, 1865, as Sergeant.
Tryon, Jeremiah R.	Sept. 19	" " " " 14, 1865, "
Higgins, Timothy.	Sept. 19	" " " " 14, 1865, "
Brown, Matthias M.	Sept. 19	
Morgan, Lycurgus.	Sept. 19	
Tichenor, Marvin.	Sept. 19	
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Griffin, Allison	Sept. 19	
Mills, Smith T.	Sept. 19	

COMPANY "E."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Lieutenant.</i>		
Walls, Ebyra.	Oct. 9..	
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Power, William H.	Oct. 9..	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Chambers, Samuel B.	Oct. 9..	
Mahan, William P.	Oct. 9..	
Case, James.	Oct. 9..	
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Sarvis, William A.	Oct. 9..	Veteran; mustered out June 14, 1865.
Herreford, George W. ...	Oct. 9..	
McMarts, John M.	Oct. 9..	
Wright, William.	Oct. 9..	
Willis, William F.	Oct. 9..	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Lawrence, William.	Oct. 9..	
Hill, John W.	Oct. 9..	Mustered out Oct. 22, 1864, as private.
Thompson, Wm. H. H. ..	Oct. 9..	
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Ryan, John E.	Oct. 9..	Veteran; mustered out June 14, 1865.

COMPANY "F."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Potter, John P.	Sept. 27	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Dean, Benjamin F.	Sept. 27	
Buyher, John.	Sept. 27	
Long, Andrew J.	Sept. 27	Discharged April —, 1894., disability.
Wall, Philander G.	Sept. 27	Veteran; died July 25, 1865.
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Dyer, James.	Sept. 27	
Cunningham, Moses I. .	Sept. 27	Mustered out March 17, 1865, as Sergeant.
East, John.	Sept. 27	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Clymer, Alonzo B.	Sept. 27	Promoted.
Calvert, James H.	Sept. 27	Mustered out Oct. —, 1864.
Todd, Henry.	Sept. 27	
McCammon, William ...	Sept. 27	
Winter, Samuel B.	Sept. 27	Mustered out Oct. —, 1864.
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Hogle, Franklin.	Sept. 27	
Short, Luther.	Sept. 27	Mustered out Oct. —, 1864, as Corporal.

COMPANY "G."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Wilgus, Joseph G.	Sept. 20	
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Cook, Elijah T.	Sept. 20	
Moss, John C.	Sept. 20	Mustered out Dec. 14, 1864.
Wallace, Christopher H.	Sept. 20	Mustered out Oct. 3, 1864.
Wyeth, Francis M.	Sept. 2	
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Harper, William S.	Sept. 20	Mustered out Oct. 16, 1864, as Sergeant.
Morgan, Nathaniel D. ...	Sept. 20	
Nutt Robert.	Sept. 20	
Ishell, Livingston.	Sept. 20	
Davis, Lucas M.	Sept. 20	
Johnson, Charles M.	Sept. 20	
Williams, Morgan.	Sept. 20	Mustered out Oct. 16, 1864.
Adams, Joseph T.	Sept. 20	Mustered out Oct. 16, 1864, as Sergeant.
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Wilkerson, Jesse P.	Sept. 20	
Scott, Joseph B. R.	Sept. 20	

COMPANY "H."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Grooms, T C	Oct. 2..	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Whitridge, William E....	Oct. 2..	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Woodruff, Milton W. H.	Oct. 2..	
Lane, John F.	Oct. 2..	
Cooper, John W.	Oct. 2..	
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Whitridge, Henry C.	Oct. 2..	Mustered out March 16, 1865, as 1st Sergeant.
McClure, John W. B.	Oct. 2..	Captured at Mark's Mills; died May 6, 1864.
Webber, Henry ...	Oct. 2..	
McNabb, David	Oct. 2..	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Daggy, Wallace L.	Oct. 2..	
Raines, James W.	Oct. 2..	Mustered out March 15, 1865.
Harrell, William N.	Oct. 2..	Mustered out Oct. 20, 1864 as Sergeant.
Scott, Henry D.	Oct. 2..	Veteran; mustered out June 14, 1865, as Sergeant.
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Iyon, Harvey R.	Oct. 2..	Veteran; transferred to Co "C."
Grooms, William H.	Oct. 2..	Mustered out Oct. 20, 1864.

COMPANY "I."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Andrews, James W.	Oct. 9..	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Melton, William S.	Oct. 9..	Mustered out Oct. 19, 1864, as 1st Sergeant.
Iemmen, Gabriel.	Oct. 9..	
Hall, Samuel I.	Oct. 9..	Mustered out Oct. 19, 1864, as Sergeant.
Dwire, Daniel W.	Oct. 9	
<i>Corporals.</i>		
McClellan, Joseph	Oct. 9..	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Lane, John	Oct. 9..	
Kraft, William	Oct. 9..	Veteran; died of wounds received in battle.
Scars, Robert B.	Oct. 9..	
Bishop, Alfred A.	Oct. 9..	Mustered out Oct. 19, 1864.
Clover, Isaac	Oct. 9..	
Coil, Meryck	Oct. 9..	
Brown, Samuel W.	Oct. 9..	
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Kibby, Alexander.	Oct. 9..	Mustered out Oct. 19, 1864.
Boman, Thomas.	Oct. 9	

COMPANY "K."

NAME AND RANK.	Date of Muster. 1861.	REMARKS.
<i>First Sergeant.</i>		
Moore, Franklin J.	Oct. 17.	
<i>Sergeants.</i>		
Hixon John	Oct. 17.	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Ginsinger, Thomas	Oct. 17.	
Bonsal, Vincent P.	Oct. 17.	
Garrigus, Samuel P.	Oct. 17.	Mustered out Oct. 18, 1864.
<i>Corporals.</i>		
Lancaster, George W. ..	Oct. 17.	Promoted 1st Lieutenant.
Sweeney, William	Oct. 17.	Promoted 2d Lieutenant.
Ott, John H.	Oct. 17.	Veteran; mustered out June 14, 1865, as 1st Serg't.
McCutcheon, Meredith M.	Oct. 17.	" " " " 14, 1865, " Sergeant.
Moore, Reuben H.	Oct. 17.	" " " " 14, 1865.
Yokely, Solomon W.	Oct. 17.	
Yagee, John A.	Oct. 17.	Mustered out Oct. 18, 1864.
Hadley, James W.	Oct. 17.	Veteran; mustered out June 14, 1865, as Sergeant.
<i>Musicians.</i>		
Corvon, John V.	Oct. 17.	
Lee, Abraham.	Oct. 17.	

PRESENT POST OFFICE ADDRESSES OF THE
SURVIVORS OF THE FORTY-THIRD
INDIANA INFANTRY.

Colonel.....William E McLean, 420 Main Street, Terre Haute.
Col.....John C MajorBowling Green, Clay Co., Ind.
MajorWesley W Norris ..Rock Rapids, Iowa.
Asst. Surg.....Christopher F Boyle Carleton, Neosho Co., Kansas.
Musician Daniel W Brown ..526 Line St. Evansville, Ind.
Adj..... Milton J Cooper....1519 E. Ohio St. Indianapolis.
Q. M..... William Durham ..516½ N. 9 St. Terre Haute, Ind.
Bugler.....William R Grogar .Greencastle, Putnam Co., Ind.
Asst. Surg.....Orlander H Helmer, Mechanicsville, Cedar Co., Ia.
Adj..... Howard R Lowder. Bloomfield, Greene Co., Ind.
Prin. Musc.....James W PuettRockville, Parke Co., Ind.
Com. Sgt.....Joseph H Robinson, Sols Home, Tiptecanoe Co., Ind.
Acct. Hosp. Stew..George M Wilson..Wolf Island, Miss'pi Co., Mo.

COMPANY A.

Private, Theodore Allen810 Central Ave., Baltimore, Md.
1 Lieut. William T Anderson. Brazil, Clay, Co., Ind.
Sgt. James Beard608 N. First St., Terre Haute, Ind.
Private, Paul Bowes.....Billmore, Oregon Co., Mo.
" George E Busby.....Sols Home, Danville, Ills.
" Francis W Churchill .Kansas City, Jackson Co., Mo.
" Reuben V ColeClay City, Clay Co., Ind.
" James M CooperCory, Clay Co., Ind.
" Zimri Cooprider.....Clay City, Clay Co., Ind.
" Isaac Cover1217 W 19th St., Indianapolis, Ind.
" Linza CottrellRosedale, Parke Co., Ind.
Corporal Harrison Crows.....Bogota, Jasper Co., Ills.
Private, Stephen Dormacker..Black Creek, Harrison Co., Ind.
" Levi FugateBrazil, Clay Co., Ind.
" John W Fugate.....Richmond, Franklin Co., Kas.
" William O Gordan..Meredith, Woodruff Co., Ark.
" Gias Hamilton.....Riverton, Fremont Co., Iowa.
" Western Harper.....501½ Walnut St., Terre Haute, Ind.
" Albert HarnerPrymont, Carroll Co., Ind.

- Private, William Hays.....Hildreth, Edgar Co., Ills.
 " Michael Hennessy....Albany, Delaware Co., Ind.
 " William J HortonDarvin, Clark Co., Ills.
 " McHenry Husbands..Scranton, Osage Co., Kans.
 " Oliver B Johnson Reelsville, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " George W Laney.... Nevada, Vernon Co., Mo.
 " Joshua Leonard..... Gosport, Owen Co., Ind.
 " George W Moss.....Carbon, Clay Co., Ind.
 " Andrew J McCullugh, Box 574 Brazil, Clay Co., Ind.
 " James W MossToledo, Cumberland Co., Ills.
 2d Lieut. William H Miles..... " " " " "
 Private, Andrew Orman525 E. Miami St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 " Elijah Orman.....821 N. Seventh St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 1 Lieut. David Orman..... Terre Haute, Vigo Co., Ind.
 Private, Calvin Presnell..... Centerpoint, Clay Co., Ind.
 " William Pullen..... Knightsville, Clay Co., Ind.
 " Adam T Record164 Scott St., Kokomo, Ind.
 " George W Record....Kokomo, Howard Co., Ind.
 " William A Rhoderick, 2108 Elm St., Terre Haute, Ind.
 " Thomas Riley.....Darwin, Clark Co., Ills.
 " Maurice D Spriggs... Perkins, Payne Co., Okla. Terry.
 " John L Shipman....2055 Cornell Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 " Lenon T Shipman....44 N. Delaware St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 1 Sgt. Jacob H SannerPrairie Home, Shelby Co., Ills.
 Private, Allen H Tutor.....Sarepta Calhoun Co., Miss.
 " Samuel M Walker....Centerpoint, Clay Co., Ind.
 " John J Williams...Spencer, Owen Co., Ind.
 " James M Campbell....Bowling Green, Ind.

COMPANY B.

- Private, Robert W Allen.....Greencastle, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " Cornelius D Browder. 1530 Ash St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 " John F Boling1450 Elm St., Terre Haute, "
 2 Lieut. Alfred M Burk.....Spencer, McCork Co., S. Dak.
 Private, Wesley BoydKelso, Cherokee Co., Ind. Terry.
 " John M BowenOolitic, Lawrence Co., Ind.
 " David W Burnside....Chetofa, Labette Co., Kans.
 " Jonas Bratton.....Frankton, Madison Co., Ind.
 " John BoydRardin, Coles Co., Ills.
 " John H CampbellAdel, Dallas Co., Iowa.
 " Milton Carrington....Browns Valley, Montgomery, Co., Ind.

- Private, Charles E Matson....Nat. Mil. Home, Grant Co., Ind.
 " James M CraigMarion, Grant Co., Ind.
 Corporal, Samuel P Crawford .. Stockwell, Tippecanoe Co., Ind.
 Private, David I Campbell....Rockyford, Otero Co., Colo.
 " David W Campbell...Coatesville, Hendricks, Ind.
 " Benjamin F Collins.. 1202 W. 30th St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 " James W Cork..... Portland Mills, Putnam Co., "
 " Columbus Coffman...Nat. Mil. Home, Grant Co., "
 1 Lieut. Samuel S Carrington. Coffeyville, Montgomery Co., Kans.
 2 Sgt. Edward P Downing.. Wichita, Sedgwick Co., Kans.
 2 Lieut. Lafayette Darnall....Greencastle, Putnam, Co., Ind.
 Private, Willis W DawsonCarpentersville, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " Lorenzo D Fox Argos, Marshall Co., Ind.
 " Robert W FiskTuscola, Douglas, Co., Ills.
 " Joen H Freeman.....Ladoga, Montgomery Co., Ind.
 " Abel W Gibson Blue Rapids, Marshall Co., Ind.
 " Thomas F Gifford....R. F. D. No. 1 Boone, Boone Co., Ind.
 " George W Hargrave.. Armourdale, Wyandotte Co., Kans.
 " Louis A HazlettRussellville, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " Joseph A Hill.....1315 E. Main St., Muncie, "
 Corporal, Samuel W Hinton,...Ainsworth, Brown Co., Neb.
 Musc. Henry H Hovey207 Lafayette St., Terre Haute, Ind.
 Private, James A Jackson 518 North East St., Indianapolis, "
 Corporal, William J Kelso.....Barnard, Putnam Co., Ind.
 Private, David M KelsoPine Village, Warren Co., Ind.
 " Jesse W Leslie Camden, Carroll Co., Ind.
 " Joseph M McCorkle..Bainbridge, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " Barney McGeePortland Mills, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " William Muir.....Mansfield, Parke Co., Ind.
 " David MooreToronto, Woodson Co., Kans.
 " Smith ParkerGreencastle, Putnam Co., Ind.
 Sgt. William W Payne....Nat. Mil. Home, Grant Co., Ind.
 " James R. RatcliffCentral City, Merrick Co., Neb.
 Private, John D SmithSols Home, Danville, Ills.
 " James K SpencerGreeley, Anderson Co., Kans.
 " John F Spencer.....Hollandsburg, Parke Co., Ind.
 " Edward C SmithEldorado, Saline Co., Ills.
 " Lewis J SilveyFarmersburg, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 " John I SmithLebanon, Boone Co., Ind.
 " John L SturgeonR. F. D. No. 1 Judson, Parke Co., Ind.

Private, William B Shepherd..Hartford, Warren Co., Iowa.
 " Edward C Smith.....Eldorado, Saline Co., Ills.
 Corporal, Archelaus Scott.....Waveland, Montgomery Co., Ind.
 Private, Martin V B Toney....Fontanet, Vigo, Co., Ind.
 " Thomas Thompson ..Bainbridge, Putnam Co., Ind.
 " Joseph A ThomasMorton, Putnam Co., Ind.
 Corporal, John K Taylor,.....Greencastle, Putnam Co., Ind.
 Private, Thomas TippenGreeley, Anderson Co., Kas.
 " John S Tippen " " " "
 " James P Williamson..Sciota, McDonough Co., Ills.
 " William H. Wysong..Clinton Falls, via Greencastle, Ind.
 " John H Wilson123 E. 5th street, Kansas City, Mo.
 " George J Womsley ...Maroa, Macon Co., Ills.
 " James H WrightPortland Mills, Putnam Co., Ind.
 Captain, William L Yelton....Mt. Clemens, Macomb Co., Mich.

COMPANY C.

Private, Martin Ashcraft.....Owensburg, Greene Co., Ind.
 I Sgt. Robert Ashcraft.....Koleen, " " "
 Private, Reuben BurchamFulton, Burbon Co., Kans.
 " Austin BlandHerrick, Shelby Co., Ills.
 " Moses Bland..... " " " "
 " Andrew J. BurchCincinnati, Greene Co., Ind.
 " William Beasley.....Lebanon, Boone " "
 " Benjamin CarrollBloomfield, Greene " "
 " James Chaney..... " " " "
 " Joseph M Chambers..Lewis, Vigo Co., Ind.
 " Preston CarverPalestine, Crawford Co., Ills.
 Musc. Joseph K Cooper2139 Talbott Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Private, James S EllisBelleville, Hendricks Co., Ind.
 " Oliver H P Flater....Worthington, Greene " "
 " Carey Fuller " " " "
 " Arthur Fuller.....Ft. Ritner, Lawrence " "
 " Eleazar Frendress....French Lick, Orange " "
 " William M Harmon ..Praireton, Vigo Co., Ind.
 " Rufus H HartleySavannah, Andrew Co., Mo.
 " Clementon O Good ..Park, Green Co., Ind.
 " Joshua Dobbins.....Northbend, Dodge county, Neb.
 " John EakinsEllettsville, Monroe county, Ind.
 " Peter I. HunterMontezuma, Parke " "
 " B D JohnsonCass, Sullivan " "

- Private, Arthur R KnappFreedom, Owen county, Ind.
 " Samuel Livingston ..Worthington, Greene " "
 " Taylor S Moore.....Ellettsville, Monroe " "
 " John M HendryPleasant Lake, Steuben Co., Ind.
 " William A Hubbard ..Buddha, Lawrence Co., Ind.
 " James K Ingersoll....Palestine, Crawford Co., Ind.
 " John H JonesFlynn, Lincoln Co., Okla.
 " James Jones.....Strond, " " "
 " Lyeurgus Morgan ..2325 Blake St., Denver, Colo.
 " Joel P Morrow Norman Station, Jackson Co., Ind.
 " John C McPherson ..Prairieton, Vigo Co., Ind.
 " Alvin McDaniel.....Zenia, Clay " "
 Corporal, John L McMullen....McKeen Clark Co., Ills.
 Private, William McCoy.....Hutsonville, Crawford Co., Ills.
 Corporal, Allen K MoseleyGrand View, Edgar " "
 1 Sgt. John McClintickFontanet, Vigo Co., Ind.
 Private, William McKinney ..Ft. Ritner, Lawrence Co., Ind.
 " John Ockerman.....Plad, Dallas Co., Mo.
 Corporal, Austin W Owen.....Paris, Edgar Co., Ills.
 " John PiersonEmpire City Cherokee Co., Kans.
 Private, John A Royal.....Heaton, Greene Co., Ind.
 " Martin V Richardson, Grace, Franklin Co., Ark.
 " Homer A Shacklett ..Modale, Harrison Co., Iowa.
 " Solomon StoneBloomfield, Greene Co., Ind.
 " George W ShearsPalestine, Crawford Co., Ills.
 " Joseph B Stinson47 English Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
 " William C Shattuck..Merriman, Cherry Co., Neb.
 " William H Teninons..Bloomfield, Greene Co., Ind.
 " William WyattNat. Mil. Home Grant Co., Ind.
 " Samuel S WelchHastings, Adams Co., Neb.

COMPANY D.

- Private, Martin L Hyner.....Rosita, Custer Co., Colo.
 " Christop'r H Wallace, Prairieton, Ind.
 " James BethelWinfield, Cowley Co., Kans.
 1 Sgt. Matthias M Brown ..Holly, Provers Co., Colo.
 Private, John H Baldridge....Terre Haute, Vigo Co., Ind.
 " Daniel W Bitchercare Pat Hughes, Great Fall, Mont.
 " Virgil S CarrLongton, Elk Co., Kans.
 " Isaiah W DentonHazen, Prairie Co., Ark.

Private,	Justice M Denton	Aurora, Lawrence Co., Mo.
"	John T Flowers	McKeen, Clark Co., Ills.
"	Thomas H J Gibbens,	Greencastle, Putnam Co., Ind.
"	John W Hynes	Allen, Choctaw Na. Ind. Tery.
"	Levi Hoopengartner	Prairie Creek, Vigo Co., Ind.
"	Benjamin B Harris.	Altoona, Wilson Co., Kans.
"	James Harvey.	Hodgensville, Larue Co., Ky.
"	Martin Hynes.	Rosita, Custer Co., Colo.
"	Jeffereon Hunter	Culver, Marshall Co., Ind.
"	Henry Kettel	809 Wayne Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
Sgt.	Robert A LaFollette.	Georgetown, Floyd Co., Ind.
Corporal,	Garrett W Logan	618 N. 6 St. Terre Haute, "
2 Sgt.	Eberle Lloyd	Hall, Cleveland Co., Okla.
Private,	Hugh McGinley	923 S Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.
"	John Moore	York, Clark Co., Ills.
"	Stephen B Mills	637 Park Ave., west side, Chicago, Ill.
"	John I. McMullen.	McKeen, Ciark Co., Ills.
"	John A Rush	Augusta, Houston Co., Texas.
"	Daniel Ryland	Dana, Vermilion Co., Ind.
"	Charles W Russell.	Riley, Vigo Co., Ind.
"	Thomas Stout	Unionville, Putnam Co., Mo.
"	William Shockey	Losantville, Randolph Co., Ind. .
"	Oliver P Tyner	Arkansas City, Cowley Co., Kans.
Corporal,	Marvin Tichenor	Prairie Creek, Vigo Co., Ind.
Private,	Isaac Williams	Ellettsville, Monroe Co., Ind.
"	James B Ward	159 Essex St., Matton Ills.
2 Lient	William F Yeager.	Prairie Creek, Vigo Co., Ind.

COMPANY E.

Private,	Thomas Alsop	Grayville, Sullivan Co., Ind.
"	William Bright.	St. Bernice, Vermillion Co., Ind.
"	Hamilton G Boles.	Chapman, Dickenson Co., Kans.
"	William R Bennett	Farmersburg, Sullivan Co., Ind.
"	William H Bennett	" " " "
"	Samuel Burch.	Sullivan, " " "
"	Lawson P Buford	Wickliffe, Crawford " "
"	Adam G Blunk	Terre Haute, Vigo Co., Ind.
"	James Baker	Smiths Center, Smith Co., Kans.
"	Seth E Cuppy.	Montezuma, Parke Co., Ind.
"	John Cassady	Bremen, Haralron Co., Ga.
"	Noah Chambers.	Sullivan, Sullivan Co., Ind.

- Private, Andrew Chism : Treadwell, Delaware Co., N. Y.
 Corporal, Robert M Dear 121 S. State St., Sullivan, Ind.
 Private, Jacob B Dudley New Lebanon, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 " Emsley R Duncan . . . Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind.
 Corporal, Jacob Dodd Farmersburg, Sullivan " "
 Private, John G Empson Nat. Mil. Home Grant " "
 " Benjamin F Fry Varvel, Texas Co., Mo.
 " William Goins Sullivan, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 " George Gowley Terry, Hinds Co., Miss.
 Corporal, William Lawrence . . . Garfield, Benton Co., Ark.
 Private, George D Lloyd Fairbury, Jefferson Co., Ark.
 Corporal, John M McMarts . . . Sutphen, Dickenson Co., Kans.
 Private, Hamilton B Martin . 811 N. 13½ St., Terre Haute, Ind.
 Corporal, Julian R Smith alias
 Albert J Magner Wolcott, White County, Ind.
 Private, John E Melone Vermillion, Clay Co., S. Dak.
 " William Maddox . . . Edwards, Vigo Co., Ind.
 " Albert Nichols . . . Sullivan, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 " John E Osborn 1731 Larimer street, Denver, Colo.
 " Jacob Purcell Pleasantville, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 Sgt. John H Peters 1324 17th Avenue, Moline, Ills.
 Musc. John E Ryan Box 80, Pine Bluff, Ark.
 Private, John Ruse Duffields, Jefferson Co., W. Va.
 " Alvin Stark Sols. Home, Orting, Wash.
 " William P. Sandford, 1635 S. 2d street, Terre Haute, Ind.
 2 Lieut. Josiah Standley Sullivan, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 Private, Nathan R Terry . . . Farmersburg, Sullivan Co., Ind.
 " Isaac J Winner Hennessey, Kingfisher Co., Okla.
 1 Sgt. Elza Walls Gordon, Sheridan Co., Neb.
 Sgt. William M Weir Harper, Harper Co., Kans.
 Private, Benjamin J Weiner . Sandborn, Knox Co., Ind.
 " James A Wright . . . Sullivan, Sullivan " "

COMPANY F

- Private, William Alley Groveland, Putnam county, Ind.
 " William Alexander . . Chenoa, McLean county, Ills.
 1 Sgt. John Bugher Howell, Vanderburg county, Ind.
 Corporal, Eli Bowers Victor, Monroe county, Ind.
 Private, Joab Branson Bridgeton, Parke " "
 " Thompson Brown . . . Cloverdale, Putnam county, Ind.
 " George Beyers 96 Essex Street, Mattoon, Ill.

Private,	Edward B Badger . . .	Wichita, Sedgwick county, Kans.
"	George Cecil	Helix, Orange county, Ind.
"	Henry Chaney	Martz, Clay " "
"	John Chaney	Nat. Mil. Home, Leavenworth Co., Kas.
Corporal,	Moses I Cunningham,	St. Francisville, Lawrence county, Ill.
Private,	William W Darkes ..	Mitchell, Lawrence county, Ind.
Corporal,	John D Dyer	Tecumseh, Pottowatomie Co., Okla.
"	Hughes East	Imido, Kootenai county, Idaho.
Sgt.	James R East	22 W. Michigan St., Indianapolis, Ind.
1 Lieut.	John East	Van Buren, Crawford county, Ark.
Private,	George W Estington,	Hermitage, Bradley " "
"	Harvey Fields	Allison, Lawrence county, Ills.
"	Jacob I, Faubion . . .	Heltonville, Lawrence county, Ind.
"	William R Garrison..	Tecumseh, Vigo county, Ind.
"	William Graves	Hot Springs, Garland county, Ark.
"	Caswell Giles	Springville, Lawrence " Ind.
"	Virgil Garhart	Sedalia, Pettis county, Mo.
"	John R Hall	Vulcan, Gunnison county, Colo.
"	Austin B Hughes . . .	Newport, Vermilion county, Ind.
1 Sgt.	Melchert F Helmer ..	Mechanicsville, Cedar county, Iowa.
Private,	John Hope	Huron, Polk county, Mo.
"	Jesse F Hampton . . .	Coatesville, Hendricks county, Ind.
"	Thomas T James . . .	610 45 street, Chicago, Ills.
"	Charles Lewis.	Guthrie, Lawrence county, Ind.
"	William Lansford . . .	Washington, Davies county, Ind.
"	Samuel D Lansford ..	Box 45, Freedom, Ind.
"	Fredrick Meering. . .	Vermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
"	James McCarr.	Erie, Neosho county, Kans.
"	William H Owen . . .	800 1/2 Wabash Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.
"	Meredith G Owen. . .	Westfield, Clark county, Ills.
"	Wm H Post alias Wm	H Beaupre Nat. Mil. Home, Montgomery Co., O.
"	William S Pedigo. . .	Bloomington, Monroe county, Ind.
"	George R Russell . . .	Palestine, Crawford county, Ills.
Corporal,	Oris B Richeson . . .	Bloomfield, Greene " Ind.
Private,	John L Richardson ..	Ballard, Bates county, Mo.
"	John P Sinclair	Greenfield, Adair county, Iowa.
"	George W Smith . . .	"E K Insane Asylum", Lexington, Ky.
"	Phillip M Sandy. . . .	Cloverdale, Putnam county, Ind.
Sgt.	John Strahly	Park, Greene county, Ind.

Private, Joseph M Sowders....Barlettsville, Lawrence county, Ind.
 " Henry ToddGalena, Floyd county, Ind.
 " David Welsh211 W. 4th street, New Albany, Ind.
 " Adriel WalkerMattoon, Coles county, Ills.

COMPANY G.

Sgt. Joseph T Adams.....Ashboro, Clay county, Ind.
 Private, Lewis Applegate.....Prairieton, Vigo " "
 " Eli AnmanStaunton, Clay " "
 " James A BellLyle, Decatur county, Kans.
 1 Lieut. William O. Burgett ..Prairieton, Vigo county, Ind.
 Private, Jasper N BurrisSpencer, Owen " "
 " William Bussey118 upper 8th street, Evansville, Ind.
 " George T Bailey.....Lovington, Moultrie county, Ills.
 " John W CananAdel, Dallas county, Iowa.
 " William H CananLoogootee, Martin county, Ind.
 " Shelton CoffeyDewitt, Arkansas county, Ark.
 " Fleming B Thomas
 alias Sam'l Coleman..Shooting Creek, Franklin county, Va.
 " James M Cox.....Georgetown, Vermilion county, Ills.
 " William H Crocket ..Creighton, Cass county, Mo.
 " John DuckVermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
 " Jacob Decker333 Converse Ave., E. St. Louis, Ill.
 " William D Davis.....Blanche, Monroe county, Ind.
 " Charles W David.....Grand View, Carroll county, Ark.
 2 Lieut Murry Davis.....Fresno, Fresno county, Cal.
 Private, Rudolph B DavisEdwards, Vigo county, Ind.
 " William W Downing, Vermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
 " Francis M Gilbert....Chrisman, " " "
 " Joshua M Griffy.....Coal City, Owen " Ind.
 " Joseph GreenBloomington, Monroe county, Ind.
 Sgt. William S Harper....Alenya, Lincoln county, Wash.
 Private, John N Hutton61 Johnson Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.
 " William M Hensley ..Linton, Greene county, Ind.
 " Isaac P HopewellBloomington, Monroe county, Ind.
 " Thomas L Leggitt....Windsor, Shelby county, Ills.
 " William MayEllettsville, Monroe county, Ind.
 " William McNeely....Samaria, Johnson " "
 Sgt. John C Moss.....Ashboro, Clay county, Ind.
 Private, George W Martin...Palace, Greene " Mo.
 " John T MorganArt, Clay county, Ind.

Private, John F Myers Vermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
 " William Miller..... " " " "
 " James H McCormack, Brownstown, Fayette county, Ills.
 " Joel G Niccum Nat. Mil. Home, Grant county, Ind.
 " Enoch O Brien Box 151 Linton, Greene " "
 " Lincoln M O'Brien .. Bowling Green, Clay " "
 " David P Ross Box 49, Vienna, Ills.
 " John W Rea Sullivan, Sullivan county, Ind.
 " James Robbins 930 Montana Ave., Portland, Oregon.
 " Eli V Richardson.... Vermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
 " Elias G Rafferty 2153 N. Penn. St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 " Arlington Stubbs Vermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
 " Hiram P Shepherd .. Terre Haute, Vigo " Ind.
 " Charles G Stoneman.. 256 Howard St., W. Indianapolis, Ind.
 " Alexander Tweedy .. Vermilion, Edgar county, Ills.
 " John C Triplett..... Pilot Point, Denton county, Texas.
 " Austin Vermilion Jewett, Cumberland " Ills.
 " Thomas M Whitehead, Morgan Park, Cook " "
 " Taylor Wilson Shanck, Morrow county, Ohio.
 " Benjamin L Walker.. Vincennes, Knox county, Ind.
 1 Sgt. Joseph G Wilgus Collins, St. Clair " Mo.
 Private, Joseph Walker Vandalia, Fayette " Ills.

COMPANY H.

Sgt. James D. Alexander.. 703 N. 9th street, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Private, George Barnhardt.... Columbus, Bartholomew county, Ind.
 " Alfred H Benbow Cartersburg, Hendricks " "
 " Dennis H Brewer Ingraham, Clay county, Ills.
 " Albert M Chamblain.. Arcola, Douglas " "
 Sgt. William H Cooper .. Putnamville, Putnam county, Ind.
 1 Lieut. William Durham 622 S. 8th street, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Private, Thomas B Dawson .. 525 Clifford Ave., Indianapolis, "
 " Samuel Devore Ravenrock, Pleasants county, W. Va.
 " A J Vanlandingham
 alias Jno Davidson.. Mt. Harvill, Lee county, Iowa.
 Captain, Wallace L Daggy .. Spencer, Owen county, Ind.
 Private, Alfred M Elam Orlando, Orange county, Fla.
 " Francis M Esters Banta, Johnson " Ind.
 " Richard Fairbairn .. 219 Clara street, San Francisco, Cal.
 " James Fisher Chandler, Lincoln county, Okla.
 " Hamilton Grey Greencastle, Putnam county, Ind.

- Private, Lafayette Glazebrook, Kenney, Dewitt county, Ills.
 Musc. William H Grooms . . . 538 S. 16th street, Terre Haute, Ind.
 Private, Joseph Glispy Mooresville, Morgan county, " "
 " James A Gilmore Eaton, Preble county, Ohio.
 Sgt. William N Harrell Blue Mound, Linn county, Kans.
 Private. John Hestler Kokomo, Howard " Ind.
 Corporal, Reese Hardesty Sioux City, Woodburg county, Iowa.
 Private, Lindley Hayworth . . . 437 W. 16th street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 " John J Henderson Dallas, Paulding county, Ga.
 " John R Kee Glasgow, Barren " Ky.
 1 Lieut. James Edward Lilly . . 1914 " " " " "
 Private, Wm H Merriweather. Chulnota, Orange county, Fla.
 " Hardy A Mills Greencastle, Putnam county, Ind.
 " Austin Murphy " " " "
 " Benj. F Nicholson . . Eugene, Lane county, Oregon.
 " William H Parrish . . Greencastle, Putnam county, Ind.
 " James H Parrish . . . Mt Meridian, " " "
 " Shannon Rector Coatsville, Hendricks " "
 Corporal, John Rudd Amo, " " "
 " James W Rains Mt. Meridian, Putnam " "
 Private, James H Shelton . . . Fern " " "
 " Harry L Sands Alvord, Wise county, Texas.
 " Lorenzo D Sechman . . Greencastle, Putnam county, Ind.
 " Hiram Storm Ringo, via Ramona, Cherokee N , I. T.
 " Francis H Stewart . . . Terre Haute, Vigo county, Ind.
 " William W Stewart . . Lena, Parke " "
 " Absalom A Snoddy
 or Alexander Snoddy, Stilesville, Hendricks county, Ind.
 " James Thornburgh . . Greencastle, Putnam " "
 " William H Tincher . . Decatur, Macon county, Ills.
 " Beverly B Wade W. Des Moines, Polk county, Iowa.
 " Solomon Walters . . . Marco, Greene county, Ind.
 " William D Welman . . Wilbur, Morgan " "
 1 Lieut. Milton W H Woodruff, Albany, Gentry " Mo.
 Private, James S Wood Hillsboro, Fountain county, Ind.
 Corporal, Eli Whitlow Plano, Morgan " "
 Private, John J Worsdell Vermont, Fulton " Ills.

COMPANY I.

Private,	Charles Allgood	Tangier, Parke county, Ind.		
"	Amasa F Booth	East Carmel Columbiana county, O.		
"	James W Blake	Greencastle, Putnam county, Ind.		
"	Lafayette Bridwell	..	Owensburg, Greene	"	"
"	James F Bacon	Scio, via Tully, Rawkins county, Kan.		
"	Clinton Calhoun	...	Irving, Marshall county, Kans.		
"	William Chunn	Soldiers Home, Danville, Ills.		
"	George W Carey	Georgetown, Clear Creek county, Col.		
"	Lewis H Chowning	..	Shelburn, Sullivan county, Ind.		
"	John Chaney	Davis City, Decatur	"	Iowa.
"	Anderson G Carter	..	Barnesville, Bourbon county, Kans.		
"	Benson Douglas	Shelburn, Sullivan	"	Ind.
1 Sgt.	Robert Elliott	Cayuga, Vermilion	"	"
Private,	Perry Fellers	Macy, Miami	"	"
"	Joseph Foos	..	Newport, Vermilion	"	"
"	Felix Frazier	Box 130 Dana, Vermilion county, Ind.		
"	Abner V Holmes	...	Silverwood, Fountain	"	"
Captain,	Samuel J Hall	Dana, Vermilion	"	"
Private,	William Herndon	...	Cornettsville, Davies	"	"
"	James F Hood	The Dalles, Wasco county, Oregon.		
"	Francis M Jordan	...	Arkansas City, Desha county, Ark.		
"	George W Jennings	..	Farmersburgh, Sullivan county, Ind.		
"	James B Kennedy	...	Frankfort, Clinton	"	"
"	William F Kerns	Toronto, Vermilion	"	"
"	William M Kaufman		Riverside, Riverside county, Cal.		
Corporal,	William Kraft	Quitman, Nodaway county, Mo.		
Private,	William Lesley	Mexico, Miami county, Ind.		
Corporal,	John Lane	Santa Ana, Orange county, Cal.		
Private,	Benajali Ayers Line	..	712 S. Canal St., Alexandria, Ind.		
"	Joshua McGriffy	Coal City, Owen county, Ind.		
"	John McClellan	905 2d street, Terre Haute, Ind.		
"	Charles D Porter	Cayuga, Vermilion county, Ind.		
"	Andrew J Robinson	..	1100 North St., Logansport,	"	
"	Augustus O Reubelt	..	312 N. 7th St., Terre Haute, Ind.		
"	William Rockaway	..	225 Bishop Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.		
"	Charles Brado	85 St. George St., St. Augustine, Fla.		
Corporal,	John Runyan	Clinton, Vermilion county, Ind.		
1 Lieut.	David A Ranger	...	"	"	"
Private,	Jesse I, Seeds	Garden City, Finney county, Kans.		

Private, William H Smith Havana, Montgomery county, Kans.
 " James H Sparks.....Cloverdale, Putnam county, Ind.
 " David S Shannon.....622 N. Main street, Dayton, Ohio.
 Captain, Robert B SearsLafayette, Ind.
 Private, Jerome B ThomasCayuga, Vermilion county, Ind.
 " Alexander Newell....Cameron, Clinton " Mo.
 " David Watkins Lagro, Wabash county, Ind.
 " John W WoodMason City, Cerrogorado county, Iowa.
 Sgt. Levi WrightBox 97 Clinton, Vermilion county, Ind.

COMPANY K.

Private, William T Ayers....St. Bernice, Vermilion county, Ind.
 " John BaysingerFern, Putnam " "
 " Robert L BaileyVeedersburg, Putnam " "
 " Addison F Bruner....Connersville, Fayette " "
 Corporal, Jeremiah C Berry ... Kirkwood, Warren " Ills.
 Private, Charles W Bockman, Jessup, Parke county, Ind.
 " Alexander Blair.....Glen, via Berryville, Carroll Co., Ark.
 " William Brookbank..Clinton, Vermilion county, Ind.
 " John F BrownCoxville, Parke " "
 " James H CrosbyByron " " "
 Captain, John R Callender130 Oak street, Vincennes, "
 " Harvey N Connerly ..915 S. 15 street, Denver, Colo.
 " Elisha B Copeland .. Sophia, Pike county, Ind.
 " Michael H Culver....Nat. Mil. Home, Leavenworth, Kas.
 " James M DaySols. Home, Danville, Ills.
 " Zimri DixonTehama, via Columbus, Cher. Co., Kas.
 " John EdmondsClinton, Vermilion county, Ind.
 " Cyrus N Frazier.....Nellie, San Diego county, Cal.
 " Ervin GreggClinton, Vermilion county, Ind.
 Sgt. Samuel P Garrigus..Pendennis, Lane county, Kas.
 Private, John A W Goode....Emberton, Monroe county, Ky.
 " John HannBaatrice, Gage county, Neb.
 " William HennisClinton, Vermilion county, Ind.
 2 Lieut. George H HanselMansfield, Parke " "
 Private, Marion HaysPerth, Clay " "
 2 Lieut. John Hixon.....94 S. Lincoln Avenue, Dener, Col.
 Private, James Knight.....9 & Lafayette Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.
 " Levi KentAlbion, Marshall county, Iowa.
 " James T Kennedy. ..Walnut Prairie, Clark county, Ills.
 " David H LollisMeredosia, Morgan county Ills.

- Private, Benjamin F Lancaster, Fern Putnam county, Ind.
 1 Lieut. George W Lancaster. .3419 N. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Sgt. Horace B Little. Danville, Hendricks county, Ind.
 Corporal, Joseph J Mishler, Eureka, Woodford county, Ills.
 Private, Henry Moore. Lena, Parke county, Ind.
 1 Lieut. Franklin J Moore Akron, Cowley county, Kans.
 Private, Silias B Moore. 929 W. Decatur St., Decatur, Ills.
 Sgt. M M McCutcheon. Parsons, Labette county, Kans.
 Private, Thomas Maloney Nat. Mil. Home, Grant county, Ind.
 " Frederick Newman Nat. Mil. Home, Montgomery Co., O.
 1 Sgt. John H Ott Heckland, Vigo county, Ind.
 Private, Harry C Odell Moweaqua, Shelby county, Ills.
 " John O'Connor. Granada, Prowers county, Colo.
 " John S Pickard Sylvania, Parke county, Ind.
 " Thomas B Puett. Rockville, " " "
 " Henry C Ross. Rosedale, " " "
 " Pleasant L Rubottom, Trenton, Hitchcock, county, Neb.
 " Eli Skinner. Box 10 Nat. Mil. Home, Grant Co., Ind.
 " David L Sowers. Odd, via Catlin, Parke county, Ind.
 " Cameron G Titsworth, Mound Valley, Labette county, Kans.
 " Jonathan W Tallman, Rosedale, Parke county, Ind.
 " Seth Weeden 723 Michigan Ave., Logansport, Ind
 " Hiram Weese. Mansfield, Richland county, Ohio.
 " Andrew J Wheeler. Oakland, Coles county, Ills.
 " William H Wood Carbon, Clay " Ind.
 Corporal, Samuel H Yager Blue Ridge, Shelby county, Ind.
 " Solomon W Yokley. Maple Plain, Hennepin county, Minn.
 UNASSIGNED. — Thomas C Burbridge, 601 Vine St., Muncie, Ind.

While the compiler of this work has used all reasonable effort to procure the present address of every survivor of the regiment, he realizes that the above list is not full or complete. The name of every living man who shared any of the hardships and privations of the march, or the dangers of the battle-field, it was his earnest desire to have here recorded. And when, at last, our eyes shall grow dim, and our tongues shall cease to speak, may we all breathe a prayer to Heaven that God may bless us while yet we live, and give us a place in the front rank of Heaven when we die.





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